
BEYOND THE FROZEN SEA
COLOR: PORTALCOMIC
DIALOGS: SANDOW
ZERO GALVAN
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THE EDITOR

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DISCLAIMER PAGE



BEYOND THE FROZEN SEA

ZERO GALVAN
COLOR BY PORTALCOMIC
DIALOGS BY SANDOW


853 A.D.
THE SEA OF FROZEN BONES. MIDWINTER.
A SHADOW SLICES THROUGH THE ICY FOG, IGNORING THE VIOLENT WAVES WHICH CRASH AGAINST ITS WOODEN HULL. IT IS A MONSTER OF THE SEA, AND HAS A VOICE WHICH ROARS OVER THE CHURNING TIDE.
BLOOD AND THUNDER! ROW UNTIL YOUR SPINE SPLINTERS, YOU DOGS!
IT IS A CRAFT PROPELLED BY FEAR AND SUFFERING.
AND ITS EYES BLAZE WITH AN UNQUENCHABLE HATE.
THE SEA MONSTER PLOWS ON, BUT THE HUMAN MONSTERS ON BOARD ARE HUNGRY. THEY HOWL IN ANTICIPATION OF PLUNDER AND CONQUEST.
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SO CLOSE! I CAN ALMOST TASTE IT! GOLD AND VIRGINS! TWO GIFTS OF THE GODS WHICH WERE MADE FOR TAKING BY FORCE!

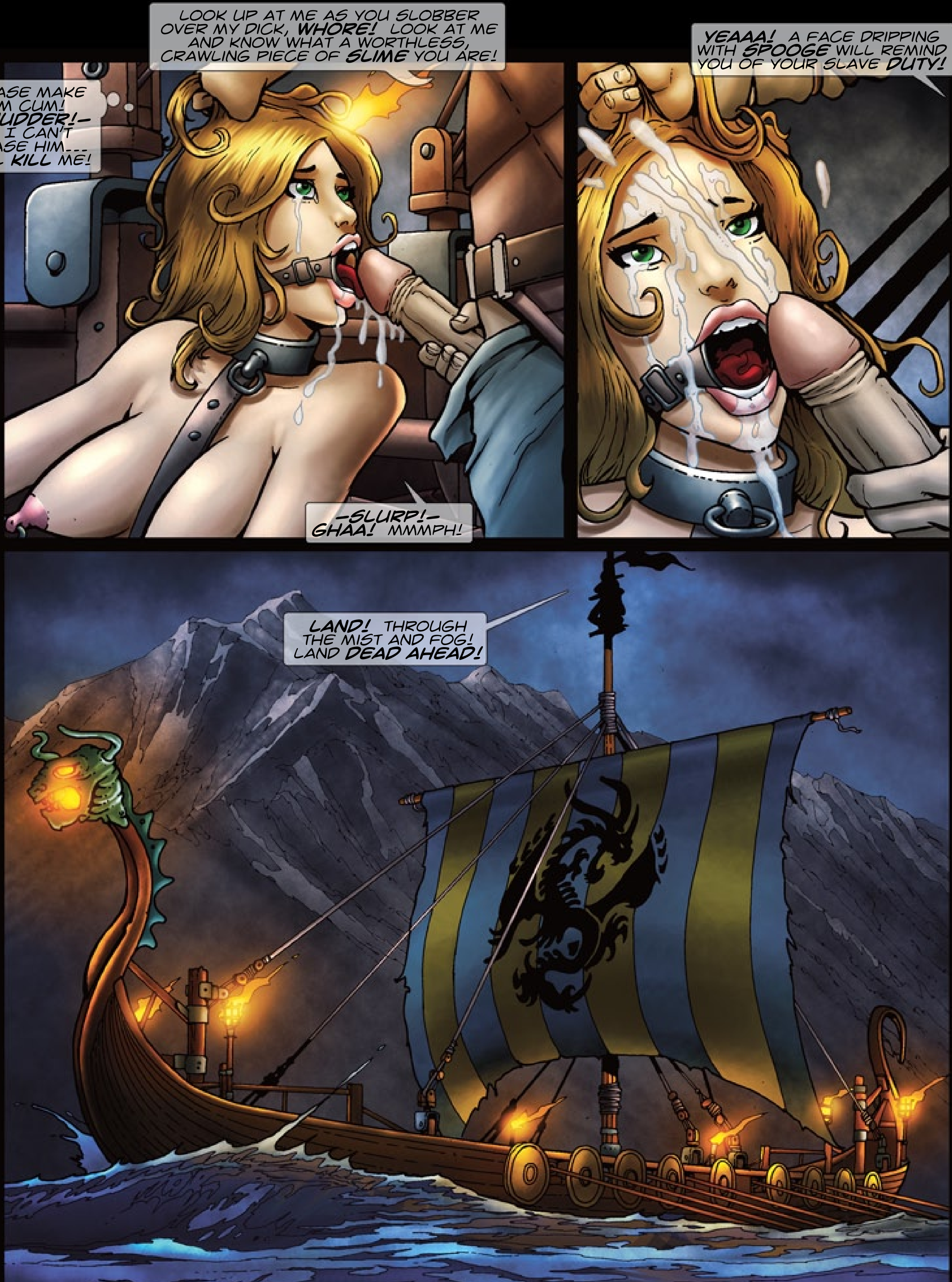
THE WIND-TORN OCEAN TREMBLES
AT THE BEAST'S PASSAGE.





BARBED IRON DILDOS ARE BOLTED TO THE SLAVE'S BENCHES, PINNING THEM TO THE SPLINTERED FRAME. SHAVED PUSSY LIPS CLINCH THE COLD METAL ROD IN TERROR. THE WOMEN GROAN IN AGONY AS THEY PULL THE HEAVY OARS UNTIL THEIR FINGERS BLEED. DROOL OOZES DOWN THEIR CHINS FROM UNDER A HEAVY WOODEN BALL GAG WHICH IS WEDGED IN THEIR MOUTHS. THEIR JAWS ACHE AS THEY STRUGGLE TO BREATHE THE ICY AIR.

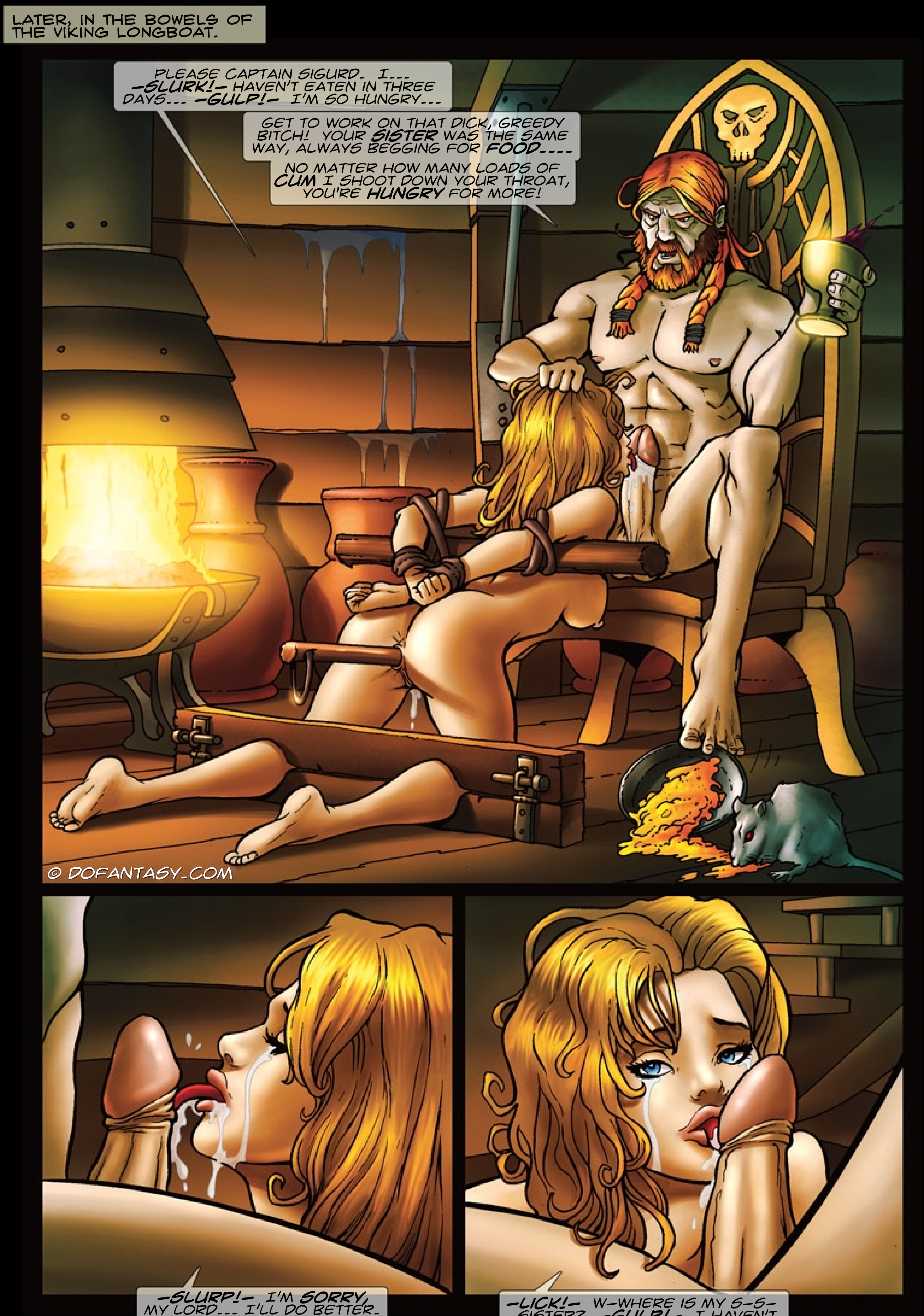

YOU THERE! THE STUPID BITCH WHO THINKS SHE CAN SLACK OFF AND LET THE OTHER CUM-GUZZLERS DO HER WORK FOR HER!
GHAA! OH NO!
DO YOU THINK I DON'T RECOGNIZE A LAZY FUCKPIG WHEN I SMELL ONE?
NNGH! PLESS... DON HURR MEEE!
-PTHU!- YOU ARE ONLY GOOD FOR BEATING, SLAVE.
BEATING WITH MY FISTS, OR WITH MY MEAT!
UNGH! YEAH! I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU NEED, SLUT!
MM-GLUMP!

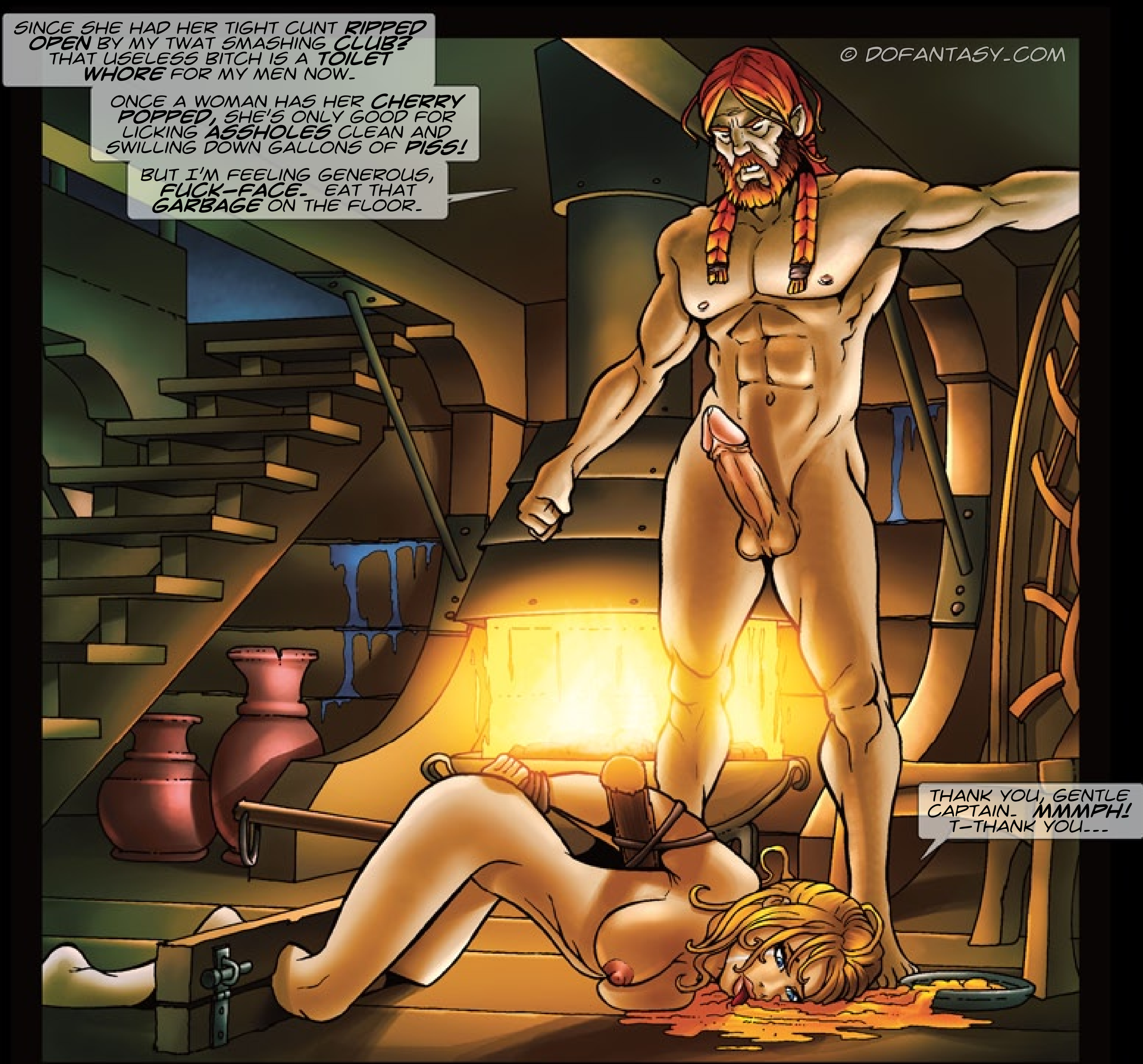


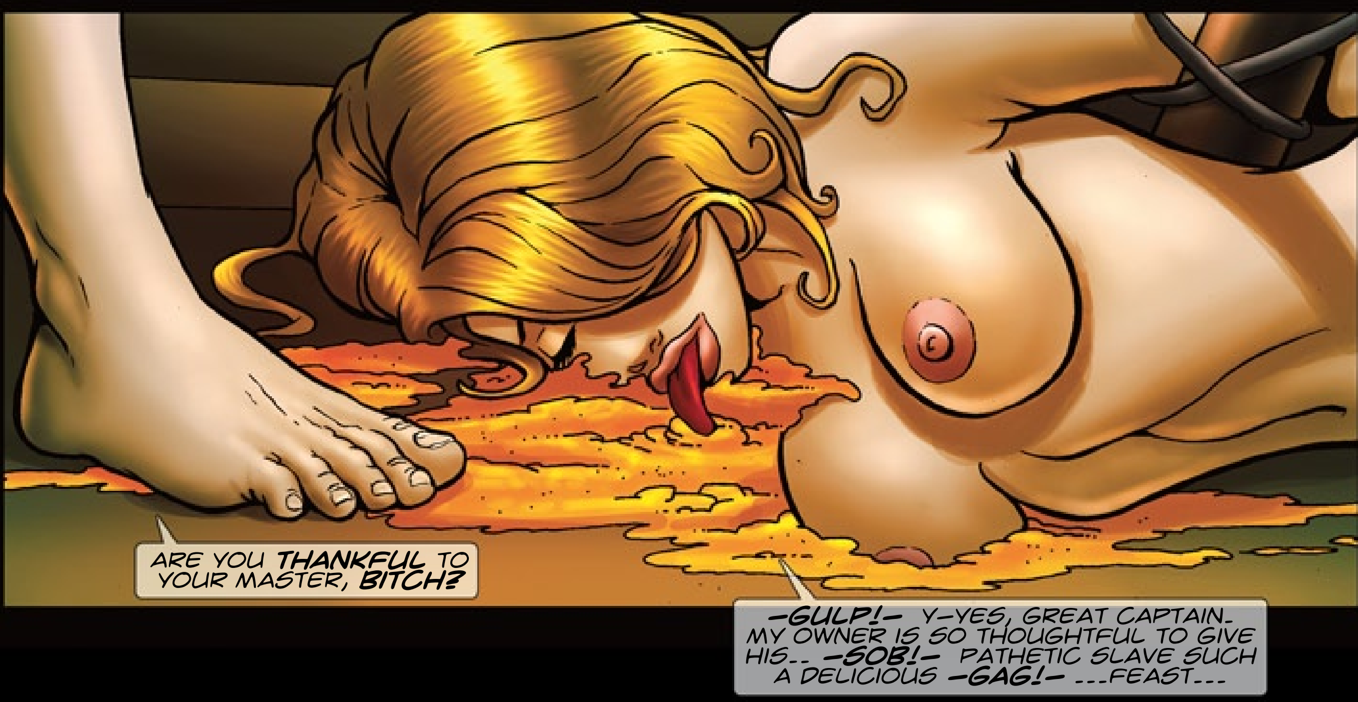
A JAGGED RANGE OF FLINTY MOUNTAINS APPEAR THROUGH THE HAZE LIKE BROKEN TEETH. THE LANDSCAPE IS ALMOST AS BRUTAL AND FORBIDDING AS THE MEN WHO STEER THE CRAFT TOWARDS THE SHORE.



THE SUFFERING OF WOMEN CAPTURED IN A RAID DOESN'T STOP ONCE THEIR BODIES HAVE BEEN DEFILED AND WOMBS FILLED WITH THEIR CAPTORS FOREIGN SEED. SOME ARE USED AS GUIDES, DIRECTING THEIR TORMENTORS TO UNDEFENDED VILLAGES. FORCED TO LEAD THE VIOLENT INVADERS TO THEIR HOMES, THEY WATCH HELPLESSLY AS THEIR KIN ARE CAPTURED AS SLAVES OR SLAUGHTERED WITHOUT PITY.


LATER, IN THE BOWELS OF THE VIKING LONGBOAT.
PLEASE CAPTAIN SIGURD. I... -SLURK!- HAVEN'T EATEN IN THREE DAYS... -GULP!- I'M SO HUNGRY...
GET TO WORK ON THAT DICK, GREEDY BITCH! YOUR SISTER WAS THE SAME WAY, ALWAYS BEGGING FOR FOOD....
NO MATTER HOW MANY LOADS OF CUM I SHOOT DOWN YOUR THROAT, YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR MORE!
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-SLURP!- I'M SORRY, MY LORD... I'LL DO BETTER.
-LICK!- W-WHERE IS MY S-S-SISTER? -GULP!- I HAVEN'T SEEN HER... SINCE... -SOB!-


SINCE SHE HAD HER TIGHT CUNT RIPPED OPEN BY MY TWAT SMASHING CLUB? THAT USELESS BITCH IS A TOILET WHORE FOR MY MEN NOW.
ONCE A WOMAN HAS HER CHERRY POPPED, SHE'S ONLY GOOD FOR LICKING ASSHOLES CLEAN AND SWILLING DOWN GALLONS OF PISS!
BUT I'M FEELING GENEROUS, FUCK-FACE. EAT THAT GARBAGE ON THE FLOOR.
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THANK YOU, GENTLE CAPTAIN. MMMPH! T-THANK YOU...


ARE YOU THANKFUL TO YOUR MASTER, BITCH?
-GULP!- Y-YES, GREAT CAPTAIN. MY OWNER IS SO THOUGHTFUL TO GIVE HIS.. -SOB!- PATHETIC SLAVE SUCH A DELICIOUS -GAG!- ...FEAST...

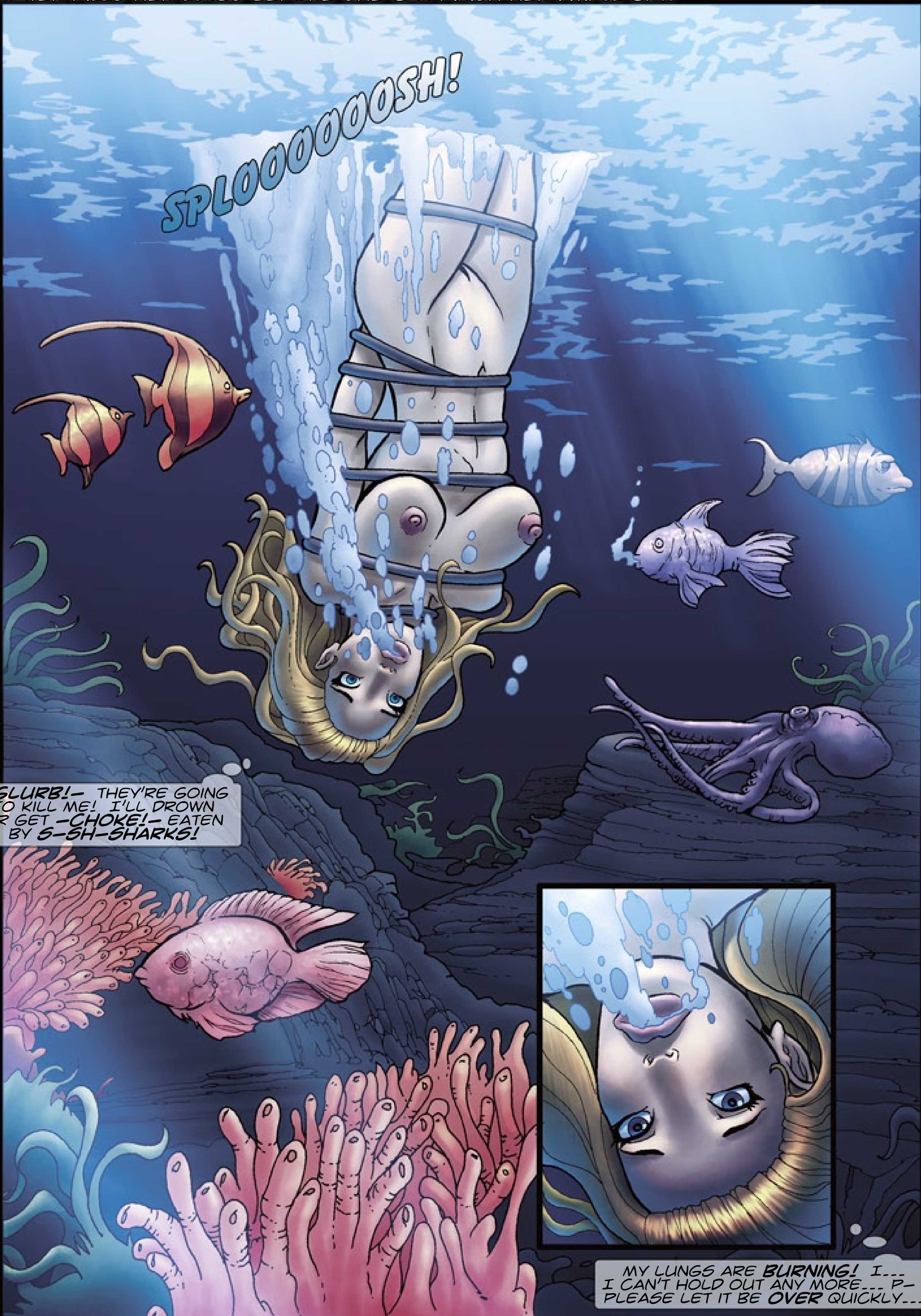

HAWR! I KNOW WHAT YOU'D LIKE! SOME SPOOGE-SEASONING TO GO WITH YOUR SLOPS! SLUTPIGS LOVE THE TASTE OF JIZZ!
IT'S REVOLTING... BUT I HAVE TO HAVE TO EAT SOMETHING! I... I'M SO HUNGRY, EVEN THIS GARBAGE... TASTES GOOD.... -SOB!-
T-THANK YOU. SLAVE-CUNT LOVES HER KIND MASTER.
CAPTAIN, YOU'RE NEEDED ON DECK.
NOW? I'M BUSY PLAYING WITH MY PET!
IF A SLAVE ISN'T DRIPPING BALL-SLIME FROM EVERY HOLE, SHE STARTS THINKING FOR HERSELF. THIS BETTER BE IMPORTANT!
GREAT CAPTAIN, SEE FOR YOURSELF!
BY ODIN'S GREAT, HAIRY BALLS!



A MIGHTY FORTRESS OF STONE THRUSTS OUT OF THE SEA LIKE A GRANITE DAGGER. THE ROAR OF TRIUMPH FROM THE BOAT IS LOST AMID THE CRASHING WAVES WHICH POUND ALONG ITS MASSIVE FOUNDATIONS.


WHAT IS IT, CAPTAIN?
-SNIFF!- AH! CAN YOU SMELL IT?
THE AROMA OF ENGLISH DAUGHTERS ABOUT TO GET A SNATCH FULL OF SCALDING VIKING CUM!
CAPTAIN, THE DEPTH FINDER IS READY FOR ACTION.
EXCELLENT!
P-PLEASE SIR, I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT... DON'T DROWN ME! I'M SORRY! FOR WHATEVER I DID, I'M SORRY!
NO MATTER WHAT COUNTRY THEY'RE TAKEN FROM, ALL WILDCATS HATE TAKING A BATH!
I EXPECT YOU TO FIND OUT HOW DEEP THE HARBOR IS, AND WARN US OF ANY SANDBARS OR REEFS. IF YOU DROWN IN THE PROCESS, IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, IGNORANT BITCH!
WITH YOUR FAT JUGS, THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR YOU NOT TO FLOAT! HAW HAW!

THE ICY CURRENTS ASSAULT THE WOMAN'S TENDER FLESH LIKE A THOUSAND NAILS BEING DRIVEN INTO HER BONES. THE WATER RAKES ACROSS HER TENDER BREASTS AND SMOOTHLY SHAVEN CLIT LIKE A RUSTY DAGGER. SHE SHRIEKS WITH TERROR, BUT A FLOOD OF SALTY WATER FILLS HER LUNGS BEFORE SHE CAN FINISH HER PITIFUL CRY.



THE WATER PRESSURE SQUEEZES HER SHAKING BODY, CRUSHING THE AIR FROM HER LUNGS AND CLAMPING HER BODY WITH IT'S AWESOME POWER. HER VISION STARTS TO BE BLOTTED OUT WITH INKY SHADOWS AND THE ECHOING OF THE MEN ONBOARD BECOME FEINT.


THE SANDY BOTTOM GOUGES HER SMOOTH SKIN AND MUD AND SLIME FILL HER EYES AND MOUTH.
-BLURB!- THIS IS GOING TO BE MY -SOB!- GRAVE FOR ALL ETERNITY!
TWO FATHOMS, CAPTAIN! WE CAN STILL BE SEAWORTHY EVEN AFTER THE SHIP IS LOADED DOWN WITH GOLD AND CAPTURED ENGLISH CUM DUMPS!
THE GODS ARE STILL WITH US! HAUL THAT WATERLOGGED WENCH ABOARD!
-CHOKE!- I... I'M SO SORRY, SIR...
FILTHY SLUT! YOU'VE BEEN DEAD WEIGHT EVERY MINUTE OF YOUR PLEASURE CRUISE, AND STILL YOU MANAGE TO SCREW UP BEING THE SHIP'S ANCHOR!
BAH! YOU CAN'T GET ANYTHING BUT BABBLE OUT OF A SLUT. IF YOU WANT ANSWERS, YOU NEED TO GIVE THEM SOMETHING HARD AND PAINFUL TO THINK ABOUT!
AAAGH!
THAT'S WHY I INVENTED THE "SLUT SPIKE"!
URRRP!
SEE? SUBMISSIVE AS A NEW BORN KITTEN! YOU CAN ASK HER YOUR QUESTIONS NOW, CAPTAIN.


WELL, SLUT? ANY HIDDEN REEFS BETWEEN US AND OUR TARGET?
AHH! NO, SIR. THE WAY IS OPEN FOR YOU AND YOUR MEN. THE CASTLE IS DEFENSELESS FROM AN ASSAULT BY SEA. PLEASE-- TAKE IT OUT!
HAW! HERE'S YOUR REWARD, CUNT! YOU'VE BEEN BREATHING WATER SO LONG, I THINK YOU'LL APPRECIATE FRESH VIKING GAS INSTEAD!
PROOMP!
SOON, FROM THE HIGH WALLS OF NORTHENGHAM CASTLE.
HAIL THERE, CHRISTIAN COWARD! WHERE DOES THE LORD OF THE CASTLE KEEP HIS STASH OF TIGHT, UNTOUCHED CUNTS?
HUH? WHO DARES...?



INSANE WITH FURY, THE LORD STORMS FROM THE TOWER AND RUSHES TO THE AID OF HIS MEN, THE POUNDING OF HIS FOOT FALLS ECHOING THROUGH THE MIGHTY CASTLE AS THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING GROW LOUDER.


UNGODLY HEATHENS! DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE TRESPASSING ON GROUND DEDICATED TO THE ONE TRUE LORD AND SAVIOR? DROP YOUR WEAPONS!
WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE, AND THE PRIZE YOU KEEP UNDER LOCK AND KEY, CRINGING ENGLISH WRETCH!
I'LL GRAB THE BOOTY- SLICE OFF HIS NUTS IF HE TRIES TO STOP ME!
HAVE MERCY ON ME AND MY DAUGHTERS! WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING AGAINST YOU! STOP!
SILVER AND GOLD ARE VALUABLE, BUT NOT AS MUCH AS TIGHT, WET CUNT!
ANIMALS! IF YOU LAY A FINGER ON HER I'LL FEED YOU YOUR OWN BLOODY ENTRAILS!
THAT LIMP-DICKED PRICK CAN'T SAVE YOU, BITCH! THE ONLY THING THAT IS KEEPING YOU ALIVE RIGHT NOW IS YOUR SWEET ASS!
AND RIGHT NOW, YOUR FAT TITS, BIG MOUTH AND DRIPPING CUNT ARE VIKING PROPERTY!
AAAIEE! HUSBAND, HELP ME!


I BET YOUR HUSBAND IS MORE GIRL THAN MAN! HE HASN'T EVEN DRILLED YOUR PUCKERED ASS BEFORE, HAS HE!
NO! NOT THERE! STOP! NOOOO!
12 INCHES OF VIKING STEEL WILL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU'VE BEEN MISSING, BITCH!
AAAIEEEE!!!
TELL ME YOU LIKE IT, SLUT!
AAAHH! Y-YES.... I LIKE IT...
CLEAN THAT SHIT OFF MY DICK, TRAMP! YOU ENGLISH WOMEN CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT LEAVING A SLOPPY MESS!
-CHOKE!- MMMPH!
YOU SCUM WILL BE MAGGOT FOOD FOR THIS...OOOF!
THOK!
SHUT YOUR GAPING FACE-HOLE, HUBBY!
-URP!- GGG..ULP! -CHOKE!-
I'M TEACHING THIS CUNT HOW TO BE A GOOD WIFEY. UNNGH! SWALLOW THAT LOAD OF HOT SPOOGE, BITCH!
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SALT SPRAY HAS FROZEN ON THE BRICKS OF THE CASTLE'S FOUNDATION. THE LOWER LEVELS ARE COATED WITH FROST AND HOUSE THE DUNGEON AND ALL ITS INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.
HOW MANY OF MY MEN HAVE SUFFERED AS YOU'VE BUTCHERED THEM DOWN HERE, ENGLISH DOG? DO YOUR DAUGHTERS KNOW WHAT THIS PLACE IS USED FOR?
THEY'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT!
-SLURP!- LOVELY! A FRESH TOMATO READY TO BE PEELED!
GHAA! HIS BREATH REEKS OF ROTTEN FISH! THESE SAVAGE BEASTS BELONG IN HELL!
MY PEOPLE GIVE OFFERINGS TO THE GODS ON ALTARS OF STONE. BE WE ARE FAR FROM HOME, SOBBING FUCKMEAT.
YOU'LL MAKE A GOOD SACRIFICE ON THIS INSTRUMENT OF PAIN!
YOU'RE A JUICY LITTLE BITCH, AREN'T YA! I'M GONNA HAVE TO TASTE YOUR MILKY JUGS BEFORE THEY'RE WHIPPED TO BLOODY PULP!
MMMMPH! NAAAA!!!
P-PLEASE, SIR... TAKE ANYTHING YOU WANT.. BUT LEAVE MY SISTERS AND MOTHER ALONE... I WON'T RESIST.. -SOB!- HAVE MERCY ON US!
AN ICY GALE BLEW THROUGH THE BARRED WINDOWS, CARESSING MABEL'S NUDE BODY AND CAUSING HER NIPPLES TO STIFFEN IN TERROR. THE VIKING LICKED HIS LIPS AT THE SIGHT OF THE BUXOM YOUNG WOMAN BOUND HELPLESSLY AT HIS FEET.


FOR A CIVILIZED PEOPLE, YOU SLUTS HAVE NEVER LEARNED MANNERS! WHEN A MAN IS TALKING, YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!
GLURB! -CHOKE!- AAAGH!
HE'S REVOLTING! WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE TREAT YOUNG WOMEN THIS WAY? -SHUDDER!- I... I'M SO SCARED!
THESE FAT SUCKLING UDDERS ARE MADE FOR HURTING, WENCH! GONNA TWIST 'EM OFF BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! -PTHU!-
MMMPH!
HAW! THAT'S GOT YOUR SLUT-JUICES FLOWING! I KNEW YOU WERE A LITTLE WHORE!
PACK UP THE BIMBOS AND GET BACK TO THE SHIP. THIS STINKING LAND MAKES MY BEARD ITCH LIKE A LICE INFESTED CODPIECE!
WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO PLAY WITH THE FRESH FUCKMEAT ON THE VOYAGE BACK!
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YOUR DAUGHTERS CAN ENTERTAIN MY CREW WITH THEIR TWATS AND CUM-SLURPING MOUTHS.
BUT I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR YOU, MARY.
MARY NORTHENHAM. YOU ARE THE REASON I'VE VENTURED INTO THE TEETH OF THE WINTER STORMS. I JUST WANT YOU, I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU SQUEEZED OUT SUCH BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS!
HOW THOUGHTFUL FOR YOU TO PROVIDE SOME WET SNATCH FOR OUR BIG VIKING COCKS!
YOU STUPID COW, YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I CAME, DO YOU? YOU LOOK LIKE A CHEAP WHORE, BUT YOU'RE SPECIAL. VERY SPECIAL!
THE CAPTAIN IS TALKING LIKE LOKI AFTER DRINKING HIS MAGICAL ALE!
?!
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YOU ARE VALUABLE, BITCH, BUT I DON'T NEED ALL OF YOU. I JUST NEED TO KEEP YOU ALIVE ENOUGH FOR THE VOYAGE HOME.
KEEP THAT IN MIND AS WE SAIL. GIVE ME ANY PROBLEMS, AND I'LL NAIL YOUR PRETTY DAUGHTERS TO THE BOW OF MY SHIP BY THEIR EARS!

THE BUXOM WOMEN ARE TIED TO THE MAST OF THE VIKING SHIP. THEIR BODIES STRAIN PAINFULLY AS THE HEMP ROPES CONSTRICT AROUND THEIR WRISTS. THE CASTLE BECOMES AN INFERNO BEHIND THEM, AND THE GLOW PLAYS OVER THEIR TREMBLING FLESH. A GROWING KNOW OF OVERWHELMING PANIC STARTS TO GNAW AT THEIR STOMACH.



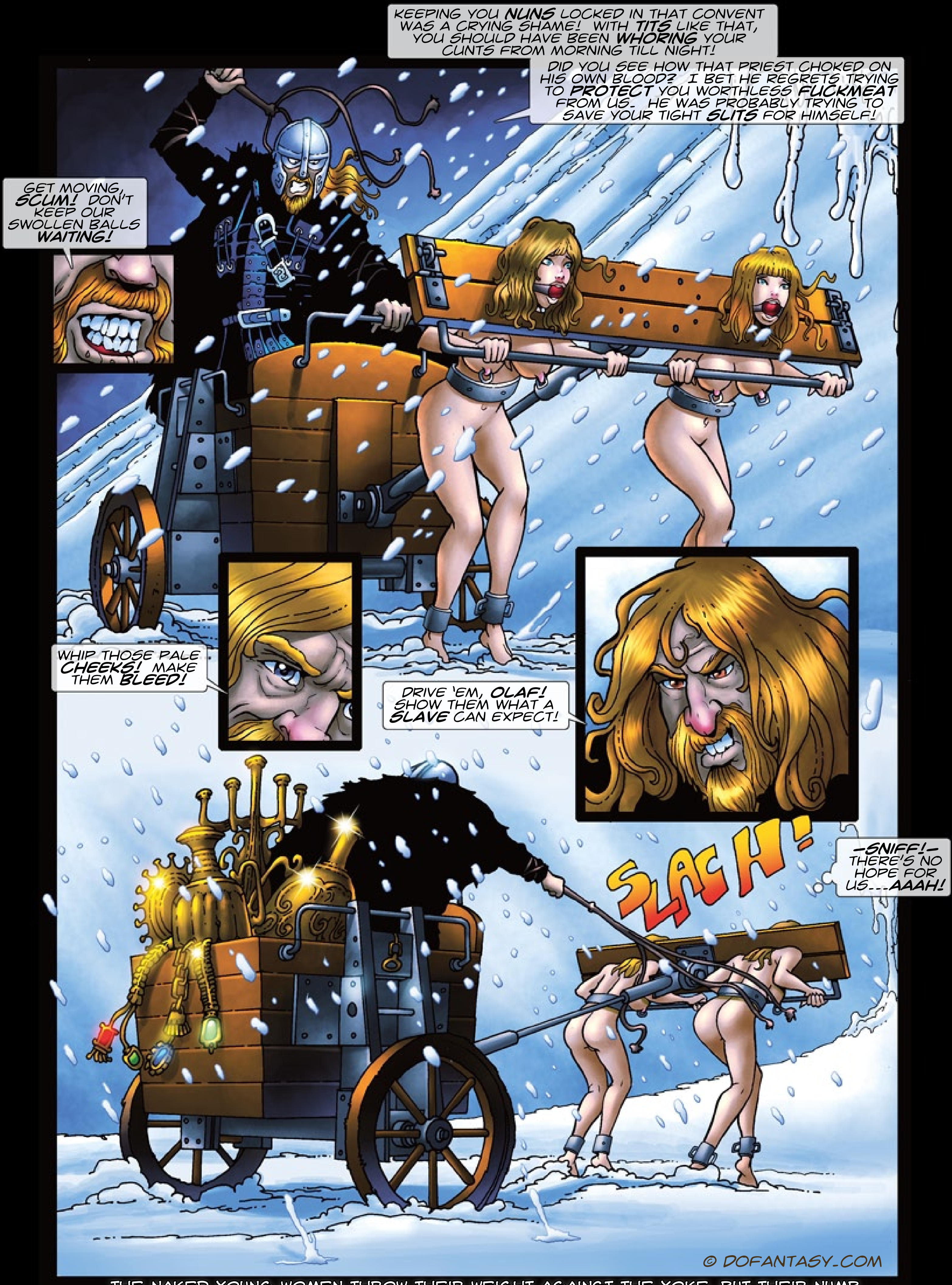
ALL THE THINGS OF THEIR CHILDHOOD ARE REDUCED TO ASH BEFORE THEIR EYES, AND THE WOODEN GAGS MUFFLE THEIR SOBS OF DESPAIR. THE FROST-TINGED WIND WHIPS OVER THEIR SKIN, AND THEY SHUDDER IN COLD AND MISERY.

DOZENS OF WIDE, TERRIFIED EYES TURN TO THE THREE CAPTIVES HUDDLED TOGETHER ON THE DECK. THEY EYES HOLD LOOKS OF PITY AS THE SLAVES STRAIN TO MOVE THE MASSIVE OARS. THEIR BREASTS HAVE BEEN PIERCED AND RINGED AND TIED TO THE OARS TO ENSURE OBEDIENCE. TEARS FLOW DOWN SMOOTH CHEEKS, TURNING TO ICE IN THE FRIGID AIR.



THE ENFORCER IS THE SPAWN OF AN UNTAMED AND UNHOLY LAND. CREATURES GROW THAT SHOULD NEVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY. BRUTAL, SAVAGE BEASTS WHO WALK UPRIGHT LIKE MEN BUT HAVE MINDS OF PRIMATES. HIS MASSIVE, DEFORMED COCK GLISTENS WITH THE JUICES OF MANY UNFORTUNATE SLAVES WHO HAVE BEEN RIDDEN HIS PRICK WITH THEIR LAST DYING BREATH.


AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS AT SEA, THE VIKINGS ARRIVE IN THEIR ICE-SHROUDED COUNTRY. AT THE END OF THE WORLD WHERE GREY NIGHTS STRETCH INTO MONTHS, FEW LIVING THINGS DARE TO LIVE. THE FROZEN SEA IS A MIRROR REFLECTING TORTURED SPIRITS OF THOSE WHO HAVE PERISHED IN THE SNOWY WASTE.
SOME WOMEN PERISH ON THE RETURN VOYAGE, EITHER THROUGH BRUTAL USE BY THE MEN OR BY FLINGING THEIR PAIN WRACKED BODIES OVER THE SIDE. THE VIKINGS RESTOCK THEIR SUPPLY OF WOMEN BY RAIDING NUNNERIES AND VILLAGES ALONG THE COAST.
EASY, RAVER! HAWR! ONE OF THOSE BITCHES MUST BE IN HEAT!
ONWARD, YOU WEAK WILLED CUNTS! THANK THE GODS YOU'VE BROUGHT TREASURES FROM YOUR HOMES. THEY'LL PAY FOR THE COST OF YOUR VOYAGE!
-HUFF!- I'M FREEZING! I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS..
THEY'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING I OWN... AND NOW THEY'LL TAKE MY -SOB!- VIRGINITY...



THE NAKED YOUNG WOMEN THROW THEIR WEIGHT AGAINST THE YOKE, BUT THEIR NUMB FEET SLIDE BACKWARD ACROSS THE FROZEN GROUND. THE WAGON GROANS UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THEIR POSSESSIONS. ANYTHING OF VALUE HAS BEEN PLUNDERED, AND WHAT COULDN'T BE TAKEN HAS BEEN BURNED. THE VIKINGS HAVE LEFT NOTHING BEHIND BUT CHARRED BODIES AND FAMILIES WHO CAN ONLY PRAY FOR THEIR MISSING DAUGHTERS.

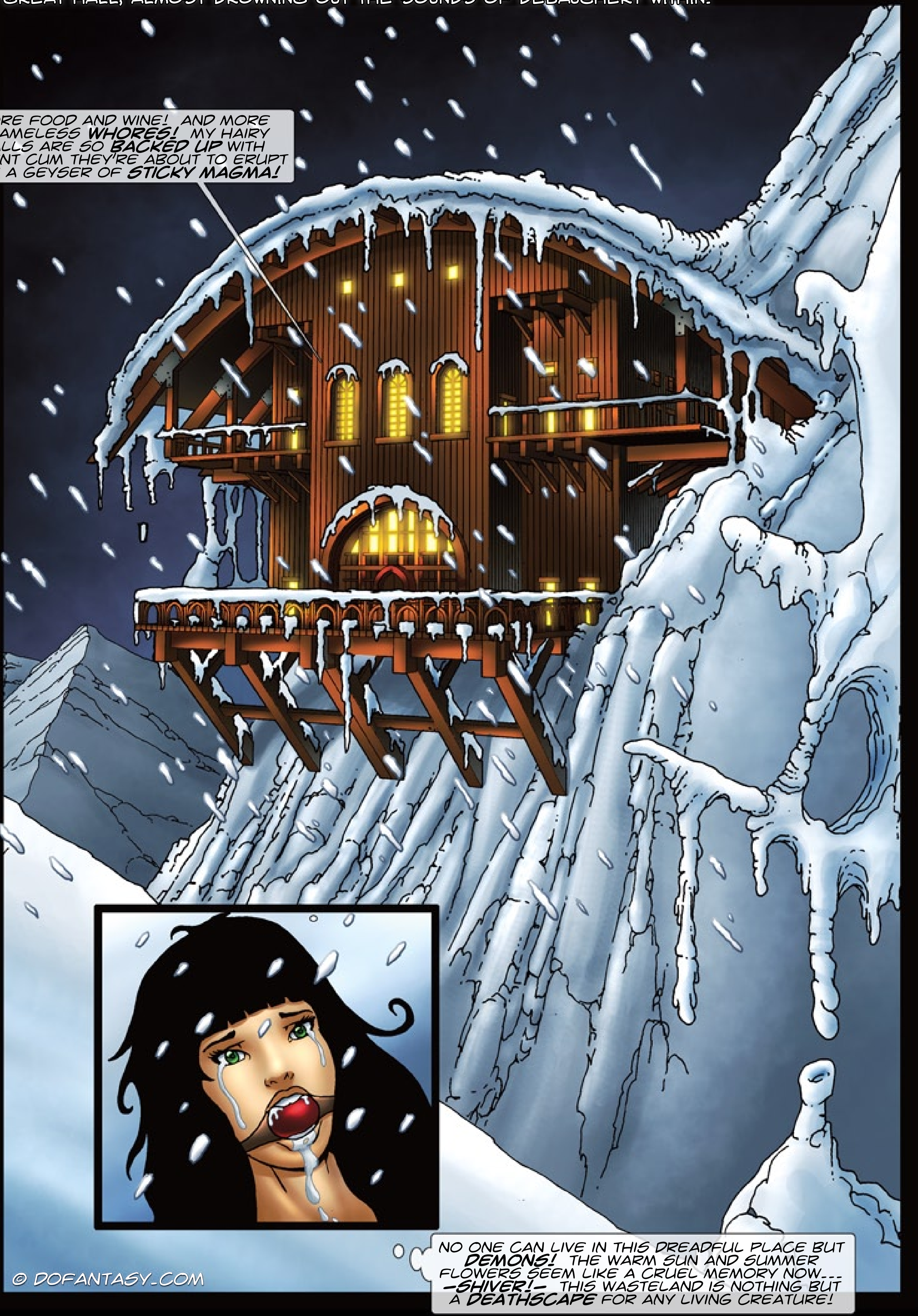

I'M IMPRESSED YOU SURVIVED THE TRIP, WHORE. THERE MUST BE MORE TO YOU THAN BIG TITS AND A WET SNATCH!
YOU'D BETTER HOPE YOUR LUCK HOLDS OUT. I HAVE A USE FOR YOU, AND IF YOU FAIL ME YOUR FROZEN CORPSE WILL BE TOSSED IN OUR GARBAGE PITS WHERE IT WILL ROT FOR A THOUSAND YEARS!
USE? WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH ME? HE WOULDN'T JUST —GASP!— KILL ME... WOULD HE?
CAPTAIN, THE CLAN HAS BEEN INFORMED OF YOUR SUCCESS IN FINDING THE ENGLISH BITCH. THEY AWAIT YOU IN THE GREAT MEETING HALL.
EVERYONE IS VERY INTERESTED TO SEE IF SHE CAN PASS THE TEST. MOST MEN ARE WAGERING SHE WON'T LAST FIVE MINUTES BEFORE SHE STARTS CHEWING HER TONGUE OFF!
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THE THREE WOMEN HUDDLE AGAINST THE ICY BLAST OF THE FORBIDDING COUNTRY. THEIR SKIN IS AS COLD AS MARBLE AND THEIR NIPPLES STIFFEN IN THE FROST. THEIR LONG LEGS TREMBLE WITH A FEAR AS GREAT AS THE RUGGED LANDSCAPE IS COLD.



THE REEKING PISS BURNS LIKE ACID ON THE YOUNG WOMAN'S FACE, AND HER CHEEKS BURN IN HUMILIATION. THE VIKING PLAYS THE STREAM OF URINE OVER HER EYES AND CHEEKS, AND HER HAIR BECOMES MATTED WITH THE STINKING FILTH.

CRAGSMORE LODGE GROWS FROM THE FROZEN PEAK LIKE A CANCEROUS TUMOR. THE ANCIENT BEAMS HAVE BEEN POUNDED DEEP WITHIN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINSIDE AND TOWER OVER THE VALLEY. DEADLY AVALANCHES ROAR AROUND THE FORBIDDING GREAT HALL, ALMOST DROWNING OUT THE SOUNDS OF DEBAUCHERY WITHIN.



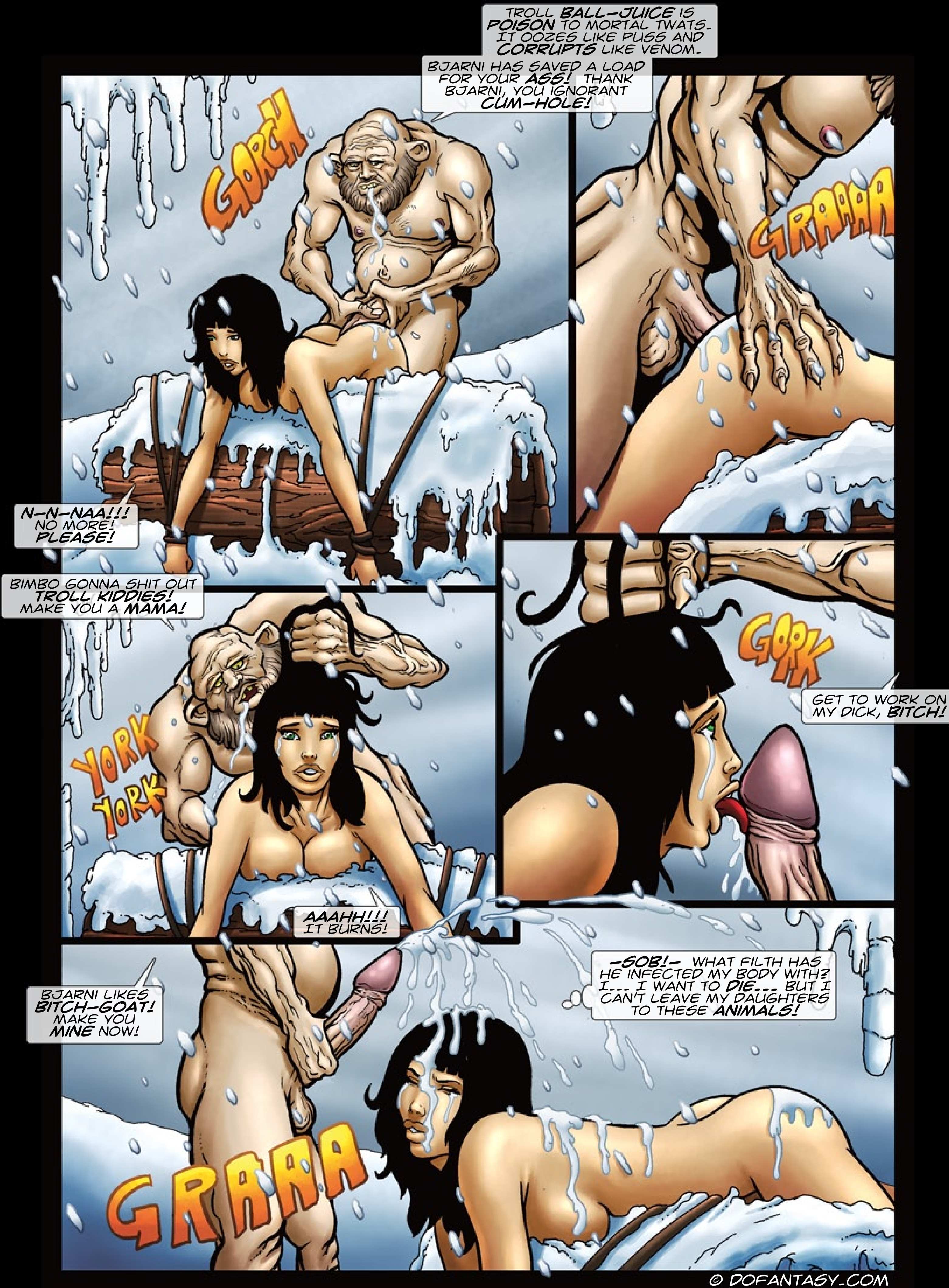
MARY NORTHENGHAM IS HAULED BEFORE GARKEN, THE CHIEF OF THE VIKING CLANS. HIS BLOATED FORM DWARFS THE YOUNG WOMAN, AND A WAVE OF NAUSEA ROLLS OVER HER AS HE BELCHES. ONE HAND, FINGERS AS THICK AS SLIMY EELS, SCRATCHES HIS DANGLING COCK. HE PICKS FLEAS AND CRABS FROM HIS GREASY SKIN AND CRUSHES THEM BETWEEN FINGERNAILS AS HARD AS GLACIERS. SHE CLINCHES HER ASS IN TERROR AS HE WADDLES TOWARDS HER.

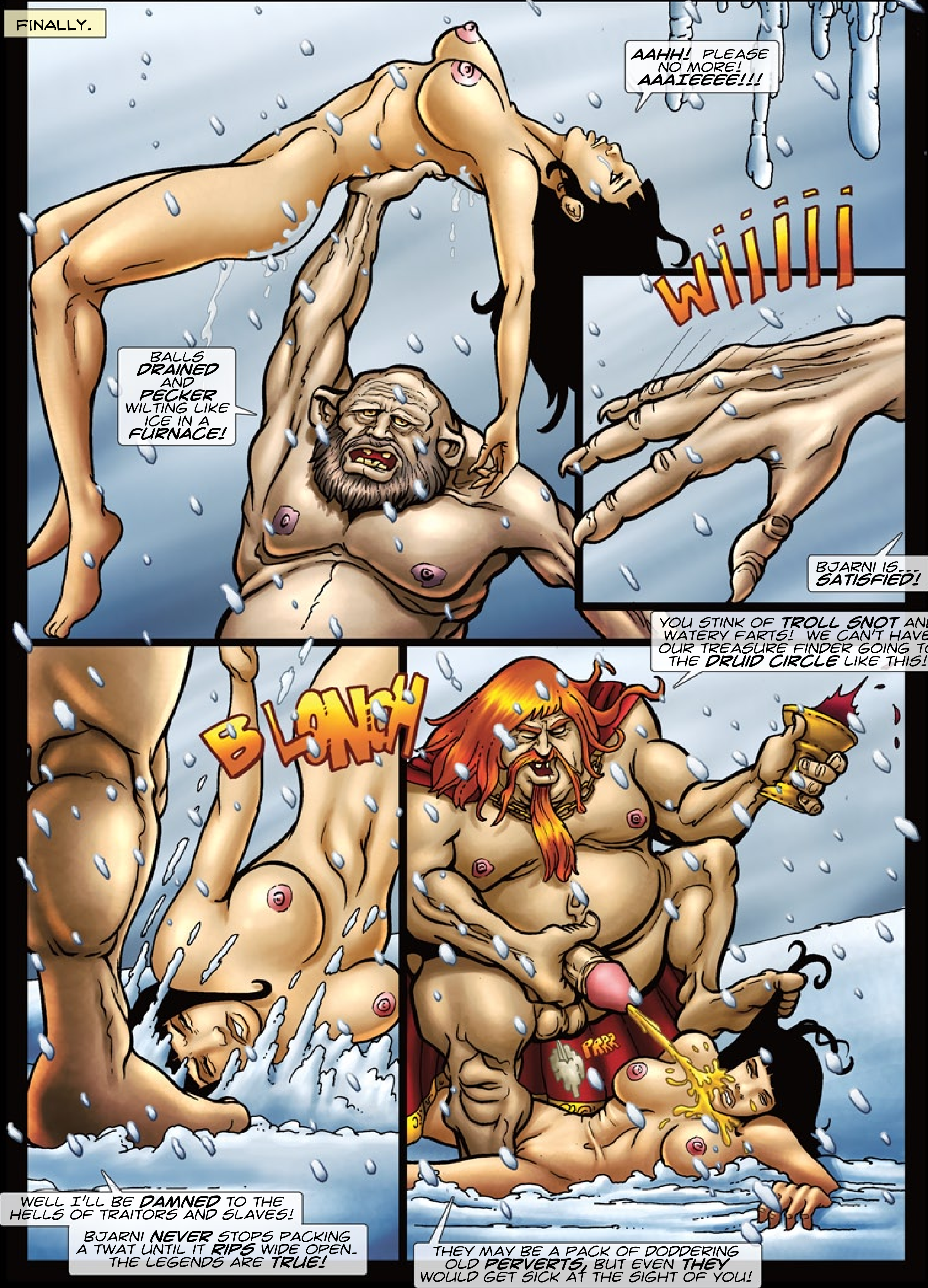


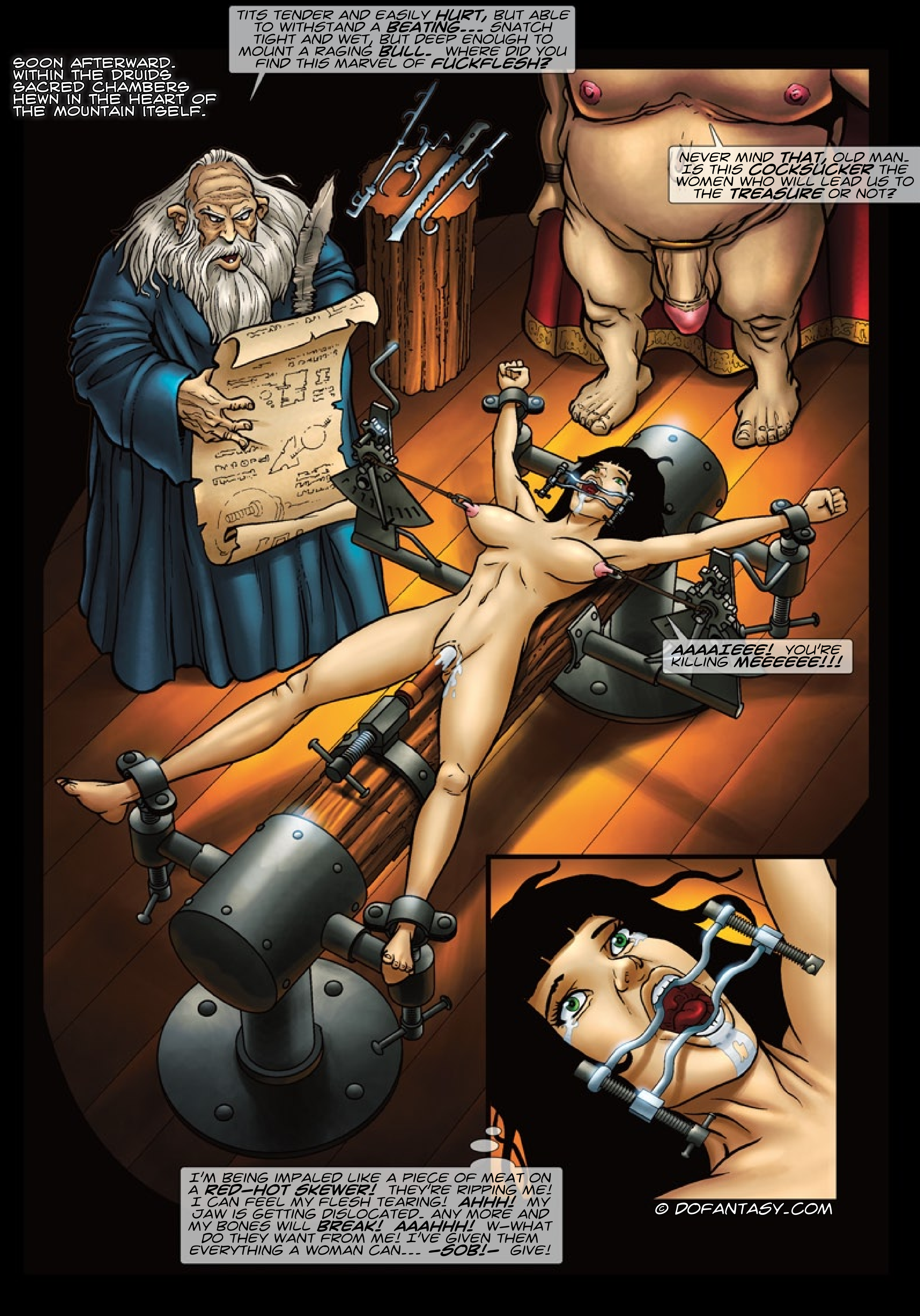


BJARNI THE FOUL MUST TEST YOUR BODY. HE'S A TREE TROLL WHO FEASTS ON SLOW-WITTED CUNTS WHO GET LOST IN THE BLIZZARDS.
THE HORNY OLD GOAT DRILLS ANY HOT HOLE HE FINDS, HUMAN OR NOT. YOUR DRIPPING PUSS WILL BE A WELCOME CHANGE FROM MOUNTAIN GOATS!
WHAT IS THAT NAUSEATING STENCH? IT SMELLS LIKE A ROTTING CARCASS BOILING IN A VAT OF SHIT!
KRRIK!
W-WHO'S THERE?
NMMM! I SMELL TUNA AND CUNNY-SLIME! BJARNI FINDS A MEATY MOUTHFUL! GOOD FOR BJARNI!
BAD FOR LOST LITTLE BIMBO!
W-WHAT ARE YOU? DON'T... PLEASE... OWWW!
GNAAHH! -SLURP!- JUGS FULL OF MILK! JUGS TO CHEW AND HURT! MAKE FUCKTOY SCREAM!


AAAAIEEE! YOU'RE HURTING ME! NOOO!
-SCHLURK!- BUT GOATS DON'T TALK, ONLY BLEAT WHEN YOU STUFF THEM!
GROOOR
BJARNI LIKE WOMEN-FLESH BETTER THAN MOUNTAIN GOATS! NO POKEY HORNS ON WHORES!
HE'S TOO LARGE! AAAHH! HE'S POUNDING FASTER AND FASTER! I'M GOING TO LOSE MY MIND!
GRAAA
GROOOR
WHAT'S THAT SOUND? WOLVES TEARING THE LEGS OFF A SNOW HARE?
NAH, JUST TROLLBOY TRYING TO KNOCK UP SOME SLAVE BROAD!


TROLL BALL-JUICE IS POISON TO MORTAL TWATS. IT OOZES LIKE PUSS AND CORRUPTS LIKE VENOM.
BJARNI HAS SAVED A LOAD FOR YOUR ASS! THANK BJARNI, YOU IGNORANT CUM-HOLE!
GORCH
GRAAAA
N-N-NAA!!! NO MORE! PLEASE!
BIMBO GONNA SHIT OUT TROLL KIDDIES! MAKE YOU A MAMA!
YORK YORK
GORK
GET TO WORK ON MY DICK, BITCH!
AAAHH!!! IT BURNS!
BJARNI LIKES BITCH-GOAT! MAKE YOU MINE NOW!
-SOB!- WHAT FILTH HAS HE INFECTED MY BODY WITH? I... I WANT TO DIE... BUT I CAN'T LEAVE MY DAUGHTERS TO THESE ANIMALS!
GRAAA


FINALLY.
AAHH! PLEASE NO MORE! AAAIEEEE!!!
BALLS DRAINED AND PECKER WILTING LIKE ICE IN A FURNACE!
WIIIII
BJARNI IS... SATISFIED!
BLONCH
WELL I'LL BE DAMNED TO THE HELLS OF TRAITORS AND SLAVES!
BJARNI NEVER STOPS PACKING A TWAT UNTIL IT RIPS WIDE OPEN. THE LEGENDS ARE TRUE!
YOU STINK OF TROLL SNOT AND WATERY FARTS! WE CAN'T HAVE OUR TREASURE FINDER GOING TO THE DRUID CIRCLE LIKE THIS!
PRRR
THEY MAY BE A PACK OF DODDERING OLD PERVERTS, BUT EVEN THEY WOULD GET SICK AT THE SIGHT OF YOU!

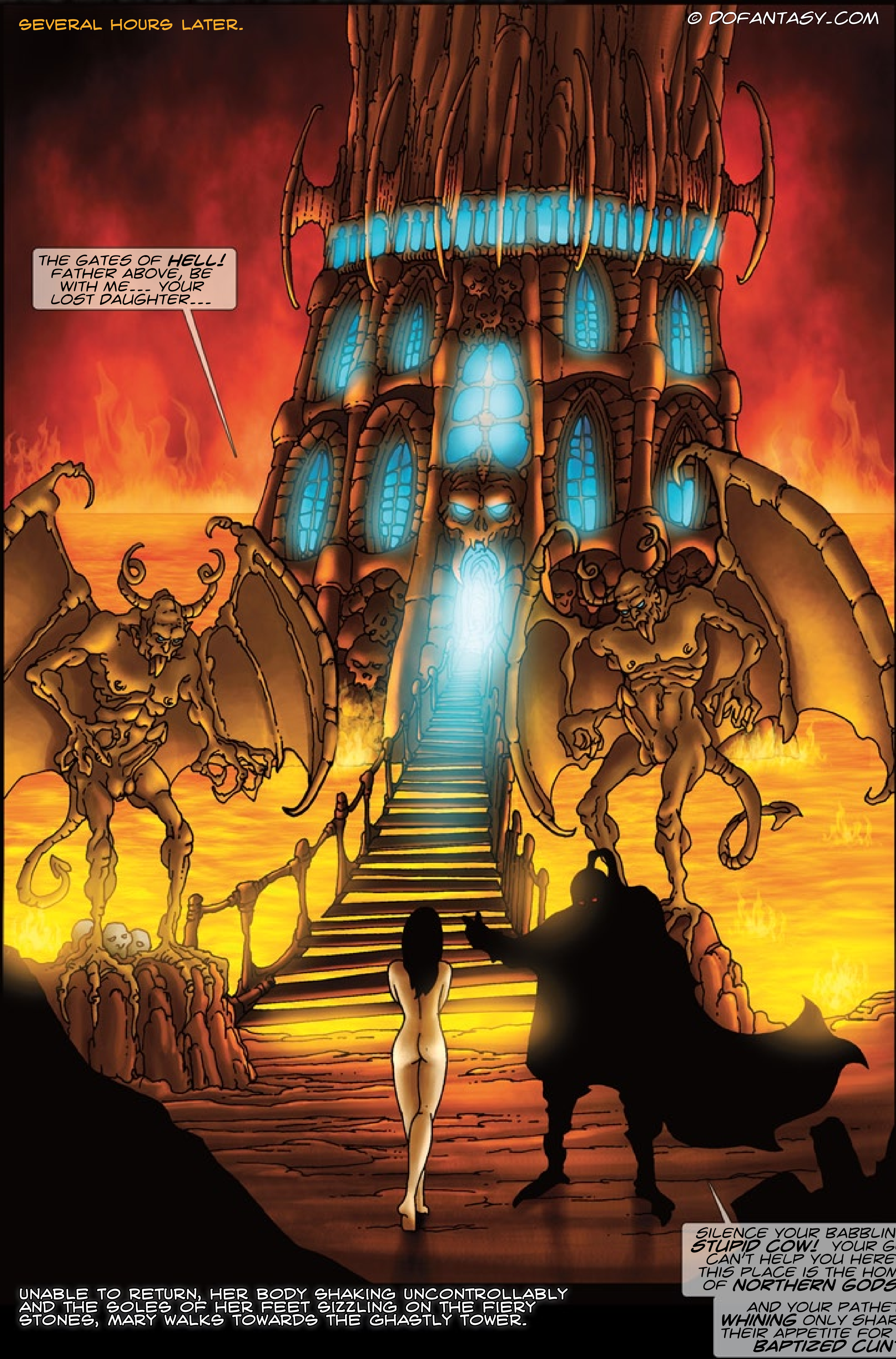


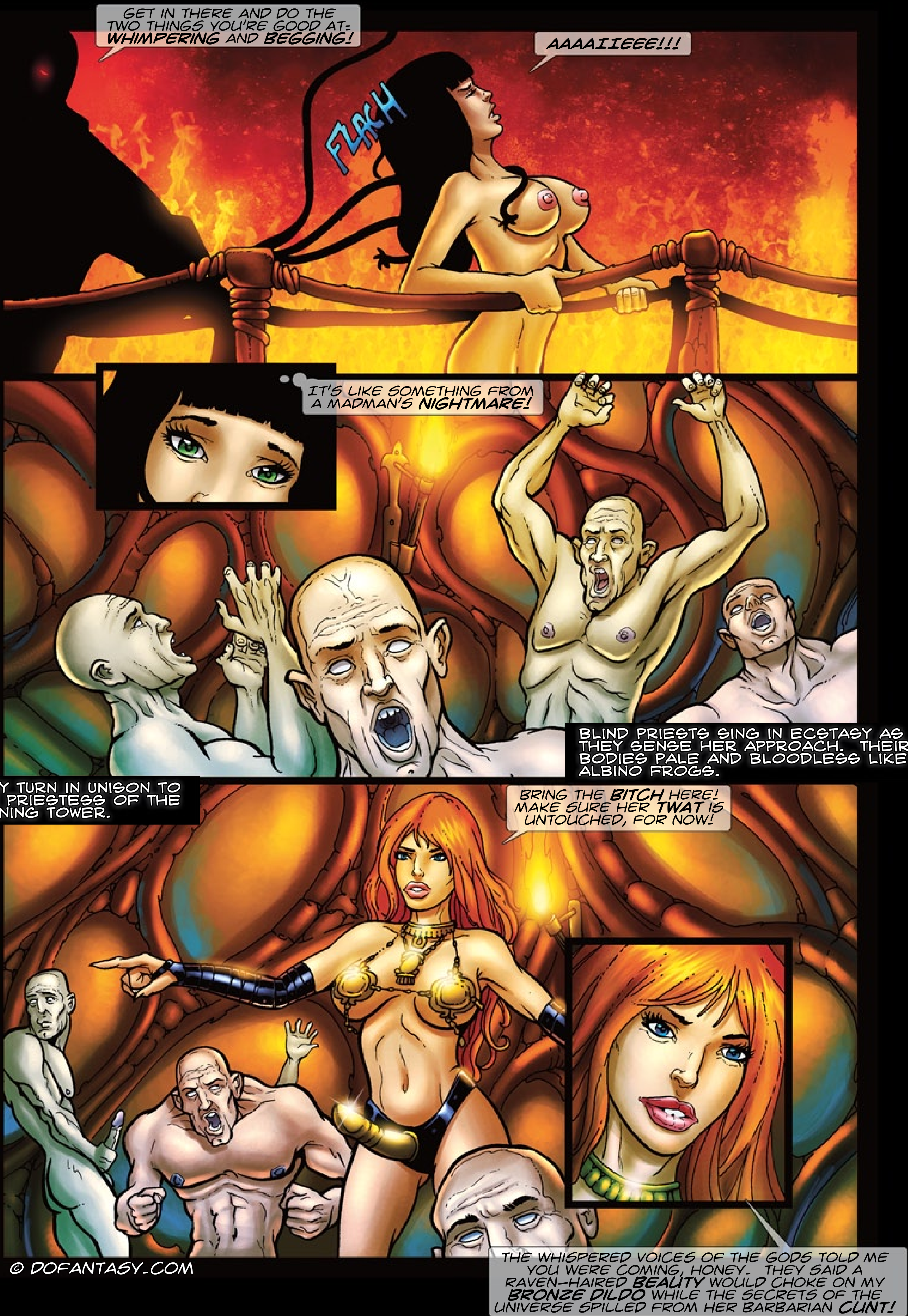
SOON AFTERWARD. WITHIN THE DRUIDS SACRED CHAMBERS HEWN IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN ITSELF.
TITS TENDER AND EASILY HURT, BUT ABLE TO WITHSTAND A BEATING... SNATCH TIGHT AND WET, BUT DEEP ENOUGH TO MOUNT A RAGING BULL. WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS MARVEL OF FUCKFLESH?
NEVER MIND THAT, OLD MAN. IS THIS COCKSUCKER THE WOMEN WHO WILL LEAD US TO THE TREASURE OR NOT?
AAAAIEEE! YOU'RE KILLING MEEEEEE!!!
I'M BEING IMPALED LIKE A PIECE OF MEAT ON A RED-HOT SKEWER! THEY'RE RIPPING ME! I CAN FEEL MY FLESH TEARING! AHHH! MY JAW IS GETTING DISLOCATED. ANY MORE AND MY BONES WILL BREAK! AAAHHH! W-WHAT DO THEY WANT FROM ME! I'VE GIVEN THEM EVERYTHING A WOMAN CAN... -SOB!- GIVE!
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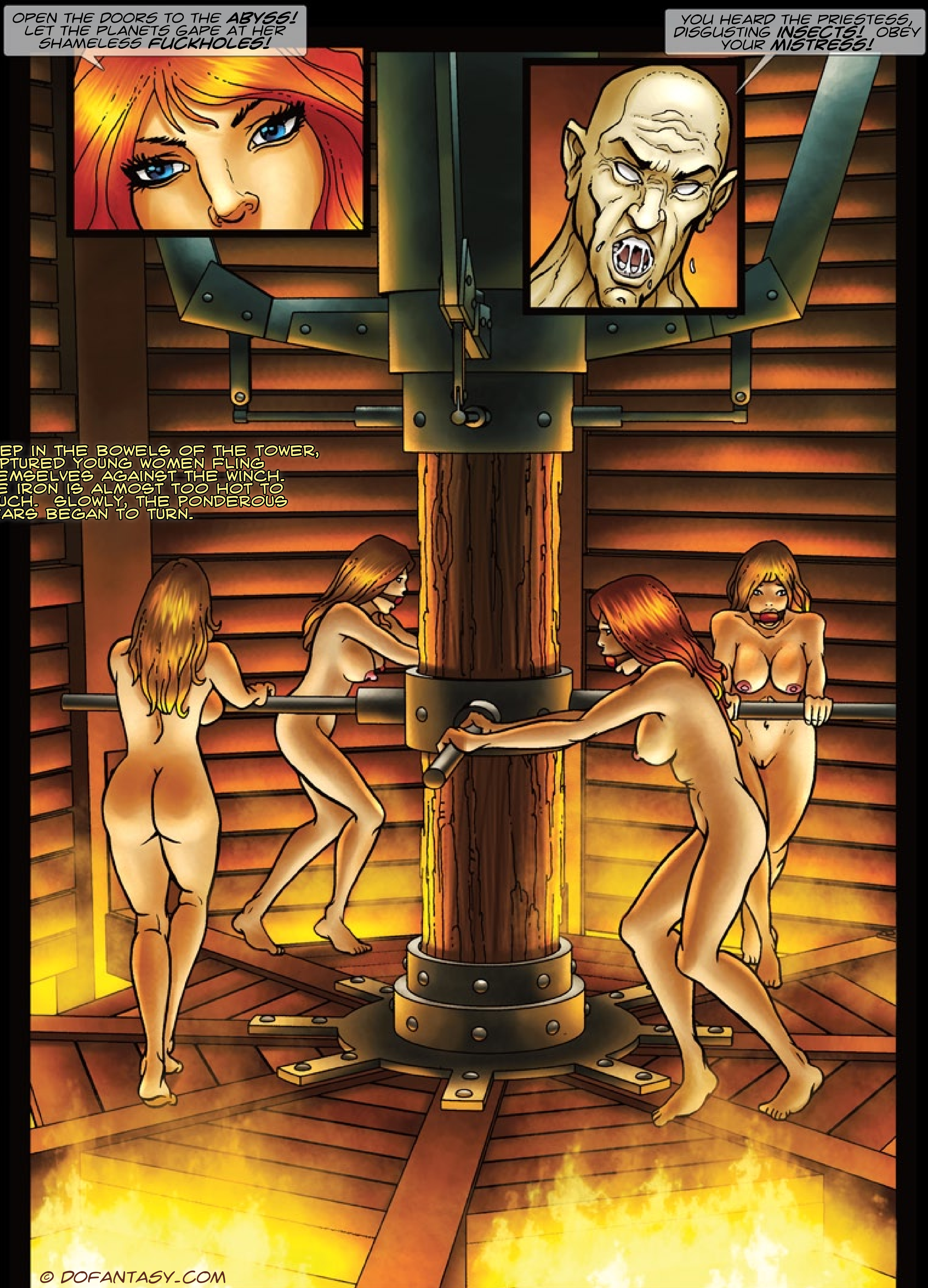


WITH EVERY STEP, DROPS OF THE TROLLS BURNING JIZZ LEAK FROM MARY'S STRETCHED SLIT. BLOBS OF GREASY SLIME OOZE FROM HER ASS AND RUN DOWN THE BACK OF HER SHAPELY LEGS, COOLING AND TURNING INTO FILTHY ICICLES IN THE WINTER GALE.

A VISION OF MADNESS AND NIGHTMARE LOOMS BEFORE THE EXHAUSTED WOMAN. THE GRUELING TREK ENDS AT THE BASE OF A TOWER RADIATING EVIL FROM A POOL OF BURNING SULPHUR. IT IS A TOWER OF INSANITY, GLOWING WITH UNHOLY LIGHT FROM BONE-ENCASED WINDOWS.

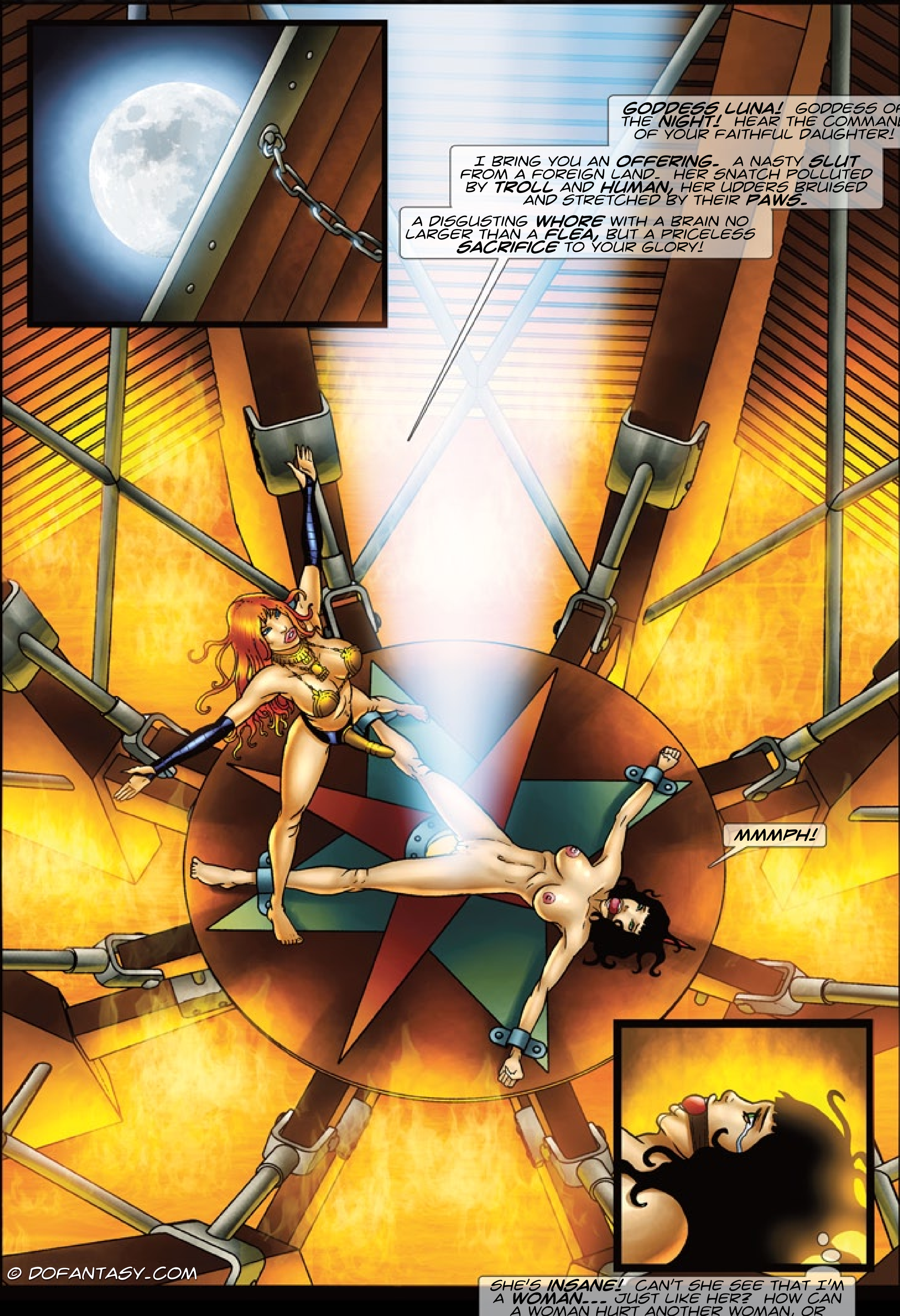



GET IN THERE AND DO THE TWO THINGS YOU'RE GOOD AT- WHIMPERING AND BEGGING!
AAAAIIEEE!!!
FLACH
IT'S LIKE SOMETHING FROM A MADMAN'S NIGHTMARE!
BLIND PRIESTS SING IN ECSTASY AS THEY SENSE HER APPROACH. THEIR BODIES PALE AND BLOODLESS LIKE ALBINO FROGS.
THEY TURN IN UNISON TO THE PRIESTESS OF THE BURNING TOWER.
BRING THE BITCH HERE! MAKE SURE HER TWAT IS UNTOUCHED, FOR NOW!
THE WHISPERED VOICES OF THE GODS TOLD ME YOU WERE COMING, HONEY. THEY SAID A RAVEN-HAIRED BEAUTY WOULD CHOKE ON MY BRONZE DILDO WHILE THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE SPILLED FROM HER BARBARIAN CUNT!



SWEAT RUNS DOWN THEIR SUPPLE BODIES, AND THEY GASP FOR AIR AROUND GAGS WHICH FILL THEIR MOUTHS. THEIR TONGUES ARE SWOLLEN WITH THIRST, AND THEY SWALLOW PAINFULLY. THEIR FEET DANCE ACROSS THE SEARING FLOOR, JUMPING FROM FOOT TO FOOT AND NEVER STAYING IN ONE PLACE TOO LONG LEST THEIR FLESH CHAR ON THE BLISTERING WOOD. THEIR FIRM YOUNG BREASTS SWING AS THE WINCH SLOWLY PICKS UP SPEED.

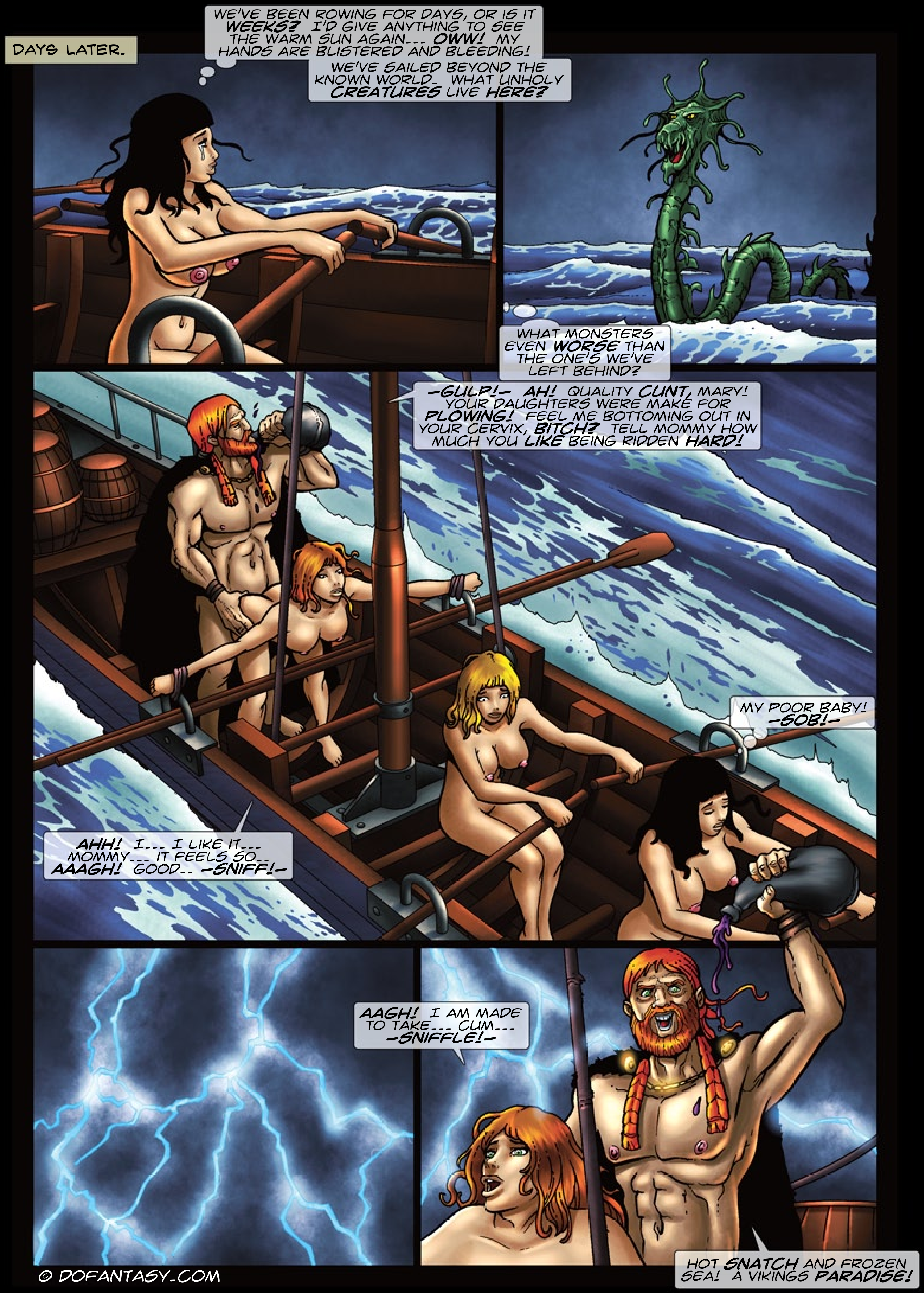
WITH A GROAN THAT SOUNDS LIKE IT IS TORN FROM THE THROAT OF A DYING ELEPHANT, THE WOODEN ROOF IRISES OPEN. A BALEFUL MOON STARES AT THE QUIVERING FORMS BELOW.




GODDESS LUNA HEARS MY PRAYERS! SHE COMMANDS ME TO MOUNT YOU LIKE A MAN... TO MAKE YOU MY SUBMISSIVE LEZZIE BITCH!
MMMMPH!
SURRENDER TO ME THE WAY YOU SURRENDER TO A MAN. FEEL MY BRONZE COCK INSIDE YOU, IT MEANS I'M IN CHARGE.
YOU ARE OBEDIENT TO THE ONE FILLING YOUR TWAT... MAN OR WOMAN!
AHH! NAAGH! AAAIEEEE!!!
AGAINST HER WILL, MARY'S JUICES BEGIN TO FLOW. SHE BECOMES WET.
THE LIQUID OF HER AROUSAL DRIPS THROUGH THE ALTAR, INTO A GLASS CRUCIBLE OF ALCHEMICAL MAGIC.
THE MOON'S RAYS SHINE UPON THE FROTHING MIXTURE WHICH STARTS TO BOIL FURIOUSLY!


THE MIXTURE EXPLODES WITH LIGHT!
BY THE GODDESS ABOVE! THIS DUMB BITCH ISN'T JUST ANOTHER LEZZIE RUG-MUNCHER, SHE'S THE ONE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
THE ANNOUNCEMENTWHIPS THE BLIND PRIESTS INTO A FRENZY OF LUST.
GHAARRR! SACRED SNATCH!
THE PUSS OF PROPHESY!
DO YOUR DUTY, WHORE! ON YOUR KNEES!
MUST CLEANSE THE FILTH FROM YOUR WOMB WITH PRIESTLY CUM! AARGH!
THE FOREIGN CUM-DUMP WILL CRAWL BACK TO THE CHIEF LIKE A SLUG LEAVING A TRAIL OF SPOOGE BEHIND HER! EVEN IF THE BIMBO ESCAPES, SHE'LL BE EASY TO FOLLOW!


MARY RETURNS FROM THE GHASTLY ORDEAL. THE SLEET STILL COVERING HER SMOOTH SKIN HASN'T EVEN BEGUN TO MELT BEFORE SHE'S DRAGGED BEFORE THE VIKING CHIEF ONCE MORE.
HOURS LATER, BACK AT THE CLAN LONGHOUSE.
SO THE MYSTICAL DYKE CONFIRMED THAT YOU ARE THE TREASURE SEEKING SLUT, EH? DID YOU DO A GOOD JOB LICKING HER CUNNY? YOU DON'T WANT TO PISS OFF THAT LESBO LUNATIC!
ACCORDING TO LEGEND, ONLY YOU CAN GUIDE A VIKING SHIP TO THE TREASURE WE LUST FOR!
B-BUT I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT TREASURE! WHERE ARE MY DAUGHTERS?
YOU BRAIN-DEAD PIECE OF FUCK MEAT! OF COURSE YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT TREASURE. YOU ONLY KNOW HOW TO BEND OVER AND SPREAD YOUR LIPS FOR COCK!
AND AS FOR YOUR DAUGHTERS...
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GEE-YA! PULL ON THOSE OARS LIKE YOU'RE BEATING OFF A GIANT'S SCHLONG!
IF YOU TWATS DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO THAT, LOOK AT MOMMY! SHE'S A NATURAL!
THE THREE WOMEN ARE PILED INTO THE SMALL CRAFT AND THRUST INTO THE VIOLENT STORMS WHICH RACE ACROSS THE OCEAN WITH UNQUENCHABLE FURY. THEIR TEETH CHATTER, AND THEIR SHAME BURNS ALL THE WAY TO THEIR SOUL. AS HUMILIATED AS THEY ARE TO BE TREATED LIKE EXPENDABLE SLAVES, THEY TAKE COMFORT BY BEING TOGETHER AGAIN, EVEN UNDER THE VIKING'S WHIP.


DAYS LATER.
WE'VE BEEN ROWING FOR DAYS, OR IS IT WEEKS? I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO SEE THE WARM SUN AGAIN... OWW! MY HANDS ARE BLISTERED AND BLEEDING!
WE'VE SAILED BEYOND THE KNOWN WORLD. WHAT UNHOLY CREATURES LIVE HERE?
WHAT MONSTERS EVEN WORSE THAN THE ONE'S WE'VE LEFT BEHIND?
-GULP!- AH! QUALITY CUNT, MARY! YOUR DAUGHTERS WERE MAKE FOR PLOWING! FEEL ME BOTTOMING OUT IN YOUR CERVIX, BITCH? TELL MOMMY HOW MUCH YOU LIKE BEING RIDDEN HARD!
MY POOR BABY! -SOB!-
AHH! I... I LIKE IT... MOMMY... IT FEELS SO.. AAAGH! GOOD.. -SNIFF!-
AAGH! I AM MADE TO TAKE... CUM... -SNIFFLE!-
HOT SNATCH AND FROZEN SEA! A VIKINGS PARADISE!


A JAGGED FORK OF LIGHTNING SPLITS THE CHURNING NIGHT, AND SMASHES SQUARELY ON THE DECK OF THE SMALL CRAFT. IN AN INSTANT THE TINY VESSEL IS REDUCED TO BURNING SPLINTERS.
SUDDENLY.
AAH! IT'S FREEZING! MY MUSCLES FEEL LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO SHATTER, BUT I MUST FIND MY GIRLS.
PLEASE, LET THEM BE ALIVE!
NOTHING BUT SMASHED BOARDS.. BUT I MUSTN'T GIVE UP HOPE. THE OCEAN IS ENDLESS...
BUT IF THEY ARE ALIVE I'LL FIND THEM, OR DIE TRYING.
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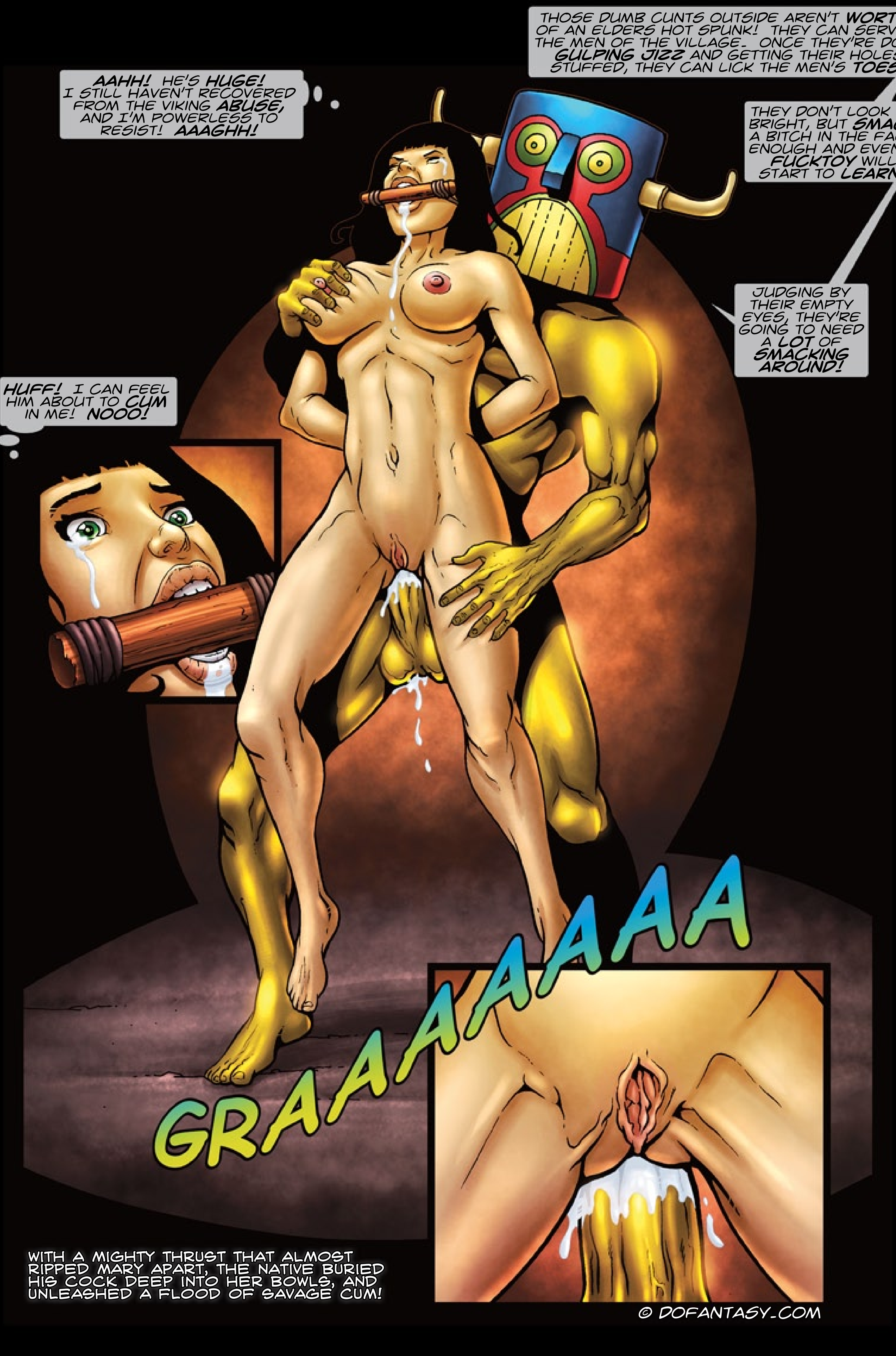


WARMTH TRICKLES INTO MARY'S ACHING LIMBS, AND THE SUN-DRENCHED SAND MELTS AWAY THE CRAMPS WHICH KNOT HER MUSCLES FROM HEAD TO TOE. HER FIRM BREASTS RISE AS SHE TAKES IN A GREAT LUNGFUL OF FRESH TROPICAL AIR.

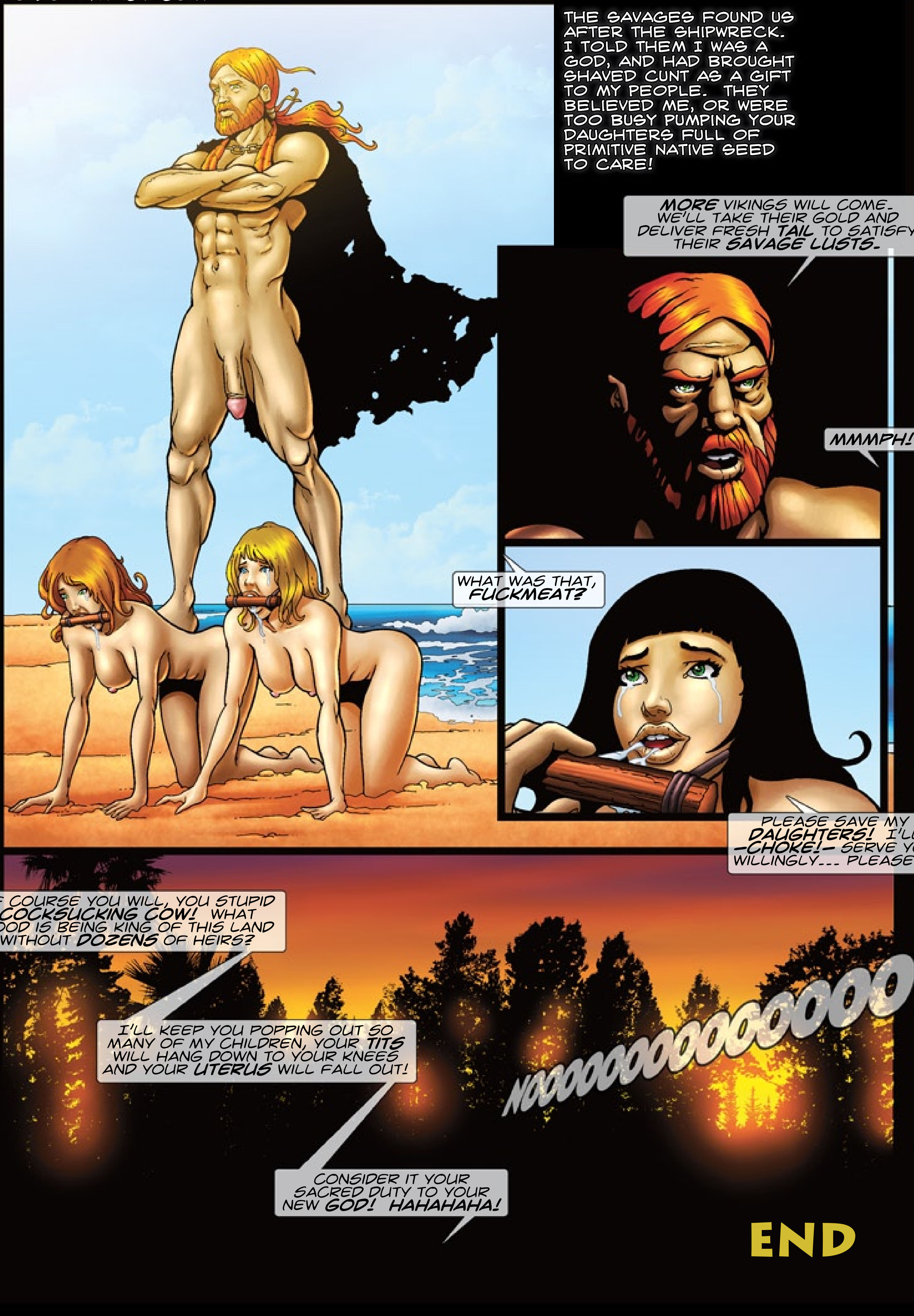

LATER THAT DAY.
I MUST HAVE WASHED ASHORE ON AN EXOTIC ISLAND. I'VE NEVER SEEN BIRDS SO COLORFUL, OR PLANTS LIKE THESE BEFORE. WHERE ON EARTH IS THIS PLACE?
I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SIGN OF THE SHIPWRECK. PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE THE ONLY SURVIVOR!
WAIT... WHAT IS THAT NOISE?
TONG TONG TONG
I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL, IT COULD BE THAT VIKING ANIMAL!
TONG TONG TONG
BY THE NAME OF THE SAINTS AND ALL THAT'S HOLY, NO!!!
TONG TONG TONG


SAVAGES! PLEASE DON'T LET THEM BE CANNIBALS! THEY ARE BRUTAL, ALMOST SEMI-HUMAN IN THEIR CRUELTY, AND WE'RE AT THEIR MERCY!
GWANNA! GE-TONG-GHA!
HURKK! HURKK! SWANNA BO-SH-KURR!!!
IF I CAN GET CLOSER... AHH!
GWALTA! PAL-LO-NISHE!
THE NATIVE'S EYES GLITTERED MENACINGLY. MARY COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE NATIVE'S THICK SPEECH, BUT IT WAS OBVIOUS HE STRUGGLED TO RESIST THE URGE TO GUT HER ON THE SPOT.


MARY IS HAULED INTO A LARGE WIGWAM WHICH STANDS AT THE CENTER OF THE NATIVE'S VILLAGE. AS HER EYES ADJUST TO THE GLOOM SHE SEES WHAT SHE BELIEVES TO BE AN OBSCENE IDOL OF SOME HEATHEN GOD. THEN THE IDOL BEGINS TO SPEAK!
FROM THE EAST COMES THE RISING SUN, BRINGING ITS GIFT OF LIFE TO THE LAND.
TODAY IT'S ALSO BROUGHT A FERTILE WOMB BEGGING TO BE FILLED WITH POTENT SPOOGE!
HE SPEAKS A CIVILIZED TONGUE. WHO IS THIS CREATURE?
THE TRIBAL ELDER HAS BEEN PAINTED WITH GOLD LEAF, AND HIS SKIN GLITTERS BRIGHTLY IN THE SHADOWY TEE-PEE.
LEAVE THE BREEDING-SOW, HAGHA. THIS IS A GIFT TO BE USED IMMEDIATELY!
ASS UP, BITCH! ASSUME THE BREEDING POSITION!
OOWWW!
WHATEVER WINDS BLEW YOU TO THIS LAND DID SO FOR A REASON. TO BE FUCKED HARD AND VIOLENTLY!
GHAAAAA!!!


AAHH! HE'S HUGE! I STILL HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM THE VIKING ABUSE, AND I'M POWERLESS TO RESIST! AAAGHH!
THOSE DUMB CUNTS OUTSIDE AREN'T WORTHY OF AN ELDERS HOT SPUNK! THEY CAN SERVICE THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE. ONCE THEY'RE DONE GULPING JIZZ AND GETTING THEIR HOLES STUFFED, THEY CAN LICK THE MEN'S TOES.
THEY DON'T LOOK TO BRIGHT, BUT SMACK A BITCH IN THE FACE ENOUGH AND EVEN A FUCKTOY WILL START TO LEARN!
JUDGING BY THEIR EMPTY EYES, THEY'RE GOING TO NEED A LOT OF SMACKING AROUND!
HUFF! I CAN FEEL HIM ABOUT TO CUM IN ME! NOOO!
GRAAAAAAAA
WITH A MIGHTY THRUST THAT ALMOST RIPPED MARY APART, THE NATIVE BURIED HIS COCK DEEP INTO HER BOWLS, AND UNLEASHED A FLOOD OF SAVAGE CUM!


IF THOSE PATHETIC WENCHES DON'T LEARN THEIR PLACE, THEY'LL QUICKLY RUN OUT OF TEETH! HA HA HA!
AAAGH! I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE ABUSE! I'M RAW AND DRY, AND HE KEEPS PUMPING HARDER!
-SNIFF!- PLEASE DON'T LET THEM HURT MY DAUGHTERS ANY MORE! I CAN'T STAND IT...
SHIT! WELCOME TO MY TROPICAL PARADISE, WHORE!
MMMGH!
LOTS OF SUN, AND CHEAP CUNT TO FUCK. ALL THIS PLACE NEEDS IS BALL-FREEZING SNOW!
THE LEGENDS SAID THE TREASURE WOULD BE WORTH MORE THAN A MOUNTAIN OF JEWELS.
AND WHAT COULD BE MORE VALUABLE THAN A WHOLE CONTINENT OF TIGHT POONTANG, AND IGNORANT NATIVES WHO REVERE VIKINGS AS GODS!?!


THE SAVAGES FOUND US AFTER THE SHIPWRECK. I TOLD THEM I WAS A GOD, AND HAD BROUGHT SHAVED CUNT AS A GIFT TO MY PEOPLE. THEY BELIEVED ME, OR WERE TOO BUSY PUMPING YOUR DAUGHTERS FULL OF PRIMITIVE NATIVE SEED TO CARE!
MORE VIKINGS WILL COME. WE'LL TAKE THEIR GOLD AND DELIVER FRESH TAIL TO SATISFY THEIR SAVAGE LUSTS.
MMMPH!
WHAT WAS THAT, FUCKMEAT?
PLEASE SAVE MY DAUGHTERS! I'LL -CHOKE!- SERVE YOU WILLINGLY... PLEASE...
OF COURSE YOU WILL, YOU STUPID COCKSUCKING COW! WHAT GOOD IS BEING KING OF THIS LAND WITHOUT DOZENS OF HEIRS?
I'LL KEEP YOU POPPING OUT SO MANY OF MY CHILDREN, YOUR TITS WILL HANG DOWN TO YOUR KNEES AND YOUR UTERUS WILL FALL OUT!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
CONSIDER IT YOUR SACRED DUTY TO YOUR NEW GOD! HAHAHAHA!
END

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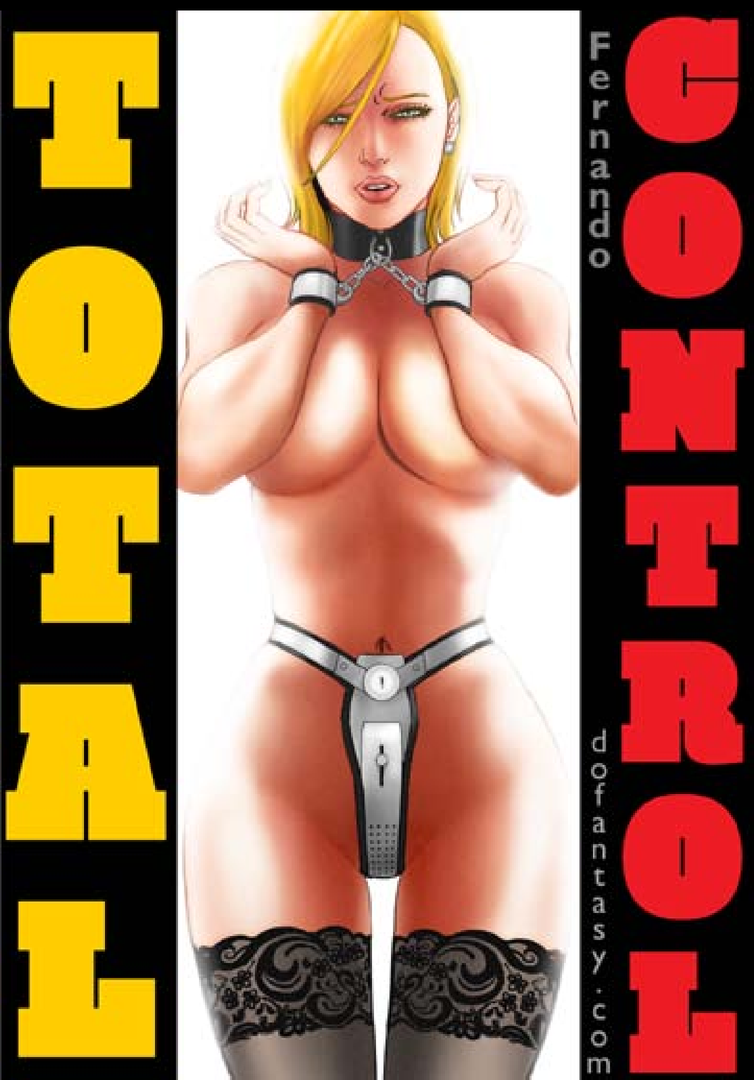
All characters are 18 years old or older.
This comic contains entirely fictional work based on cartoon characters for adult entertainment. It shows no real people or events. The characters are shown participating in CONSENSUAL role-play for their own personal satisfaction, simulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission.
No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.


DISCLAIMER PAGE
IF I'D KNOWN VIKING HISTORY WAS SO HOT AND EXCITING, I WOULD HAVE PAID MORE ATTENTION IN HISTORY CLASS!
KAREN, YOU KNOW ALL OF THIS IS MAKE BELIEVE! THE ONLY THING REAL IS THAT ALL US TOONS ARE OVER 18 AND LOVE TO PLAY HUMILIATION AND BONDAGE ROLE PLAYING GAMES- THEY GET ME SO WET!
I GET ROCK HARD WHEN PLAYING THESE CONSENSUAL GAMES WITH YOU HOTTIES- MY GIRLFRIEND IS GOING TO BE EXHAUSTED TONIGHT! HA HA HA!
SAVE SOME OF THAT YUMMY CUM FOR ME! I CAN'T WAIT TO TALK WITH OUR READERS AT THE ONLINE DOFANTASY FORUM- I'M HEADING OVER THERE RIGHT AFTER YOU FINISH FUCKING ME, YOU HORNY VIKING! -GIGGLE!- SEE YOU GUYS THERE!
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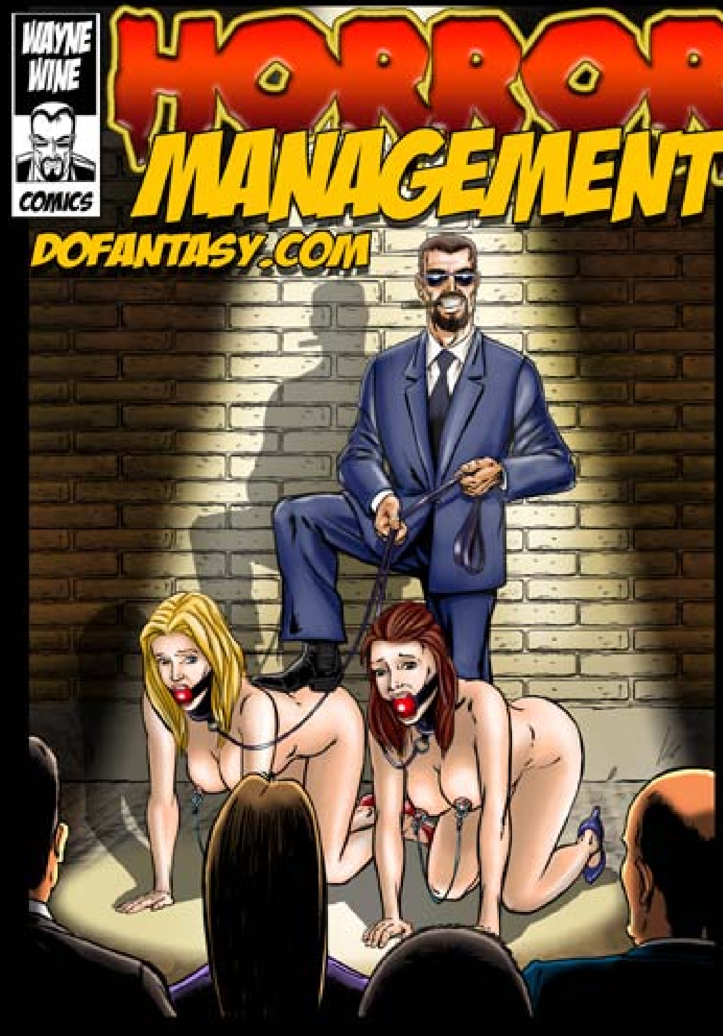

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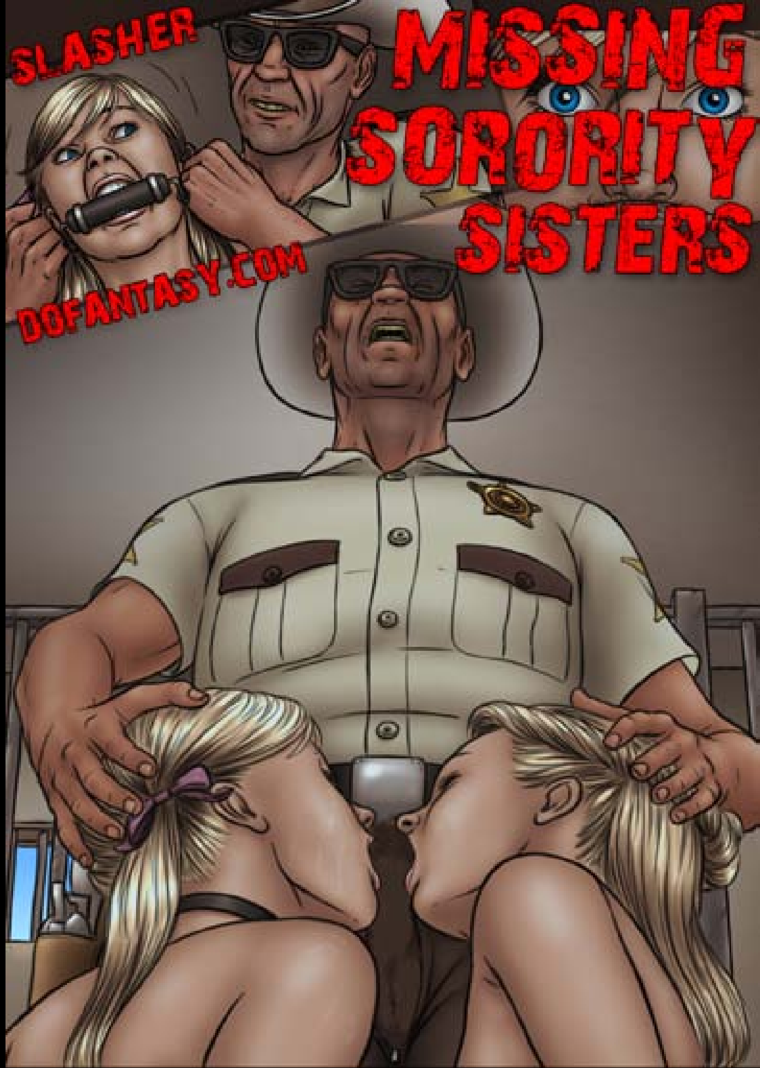


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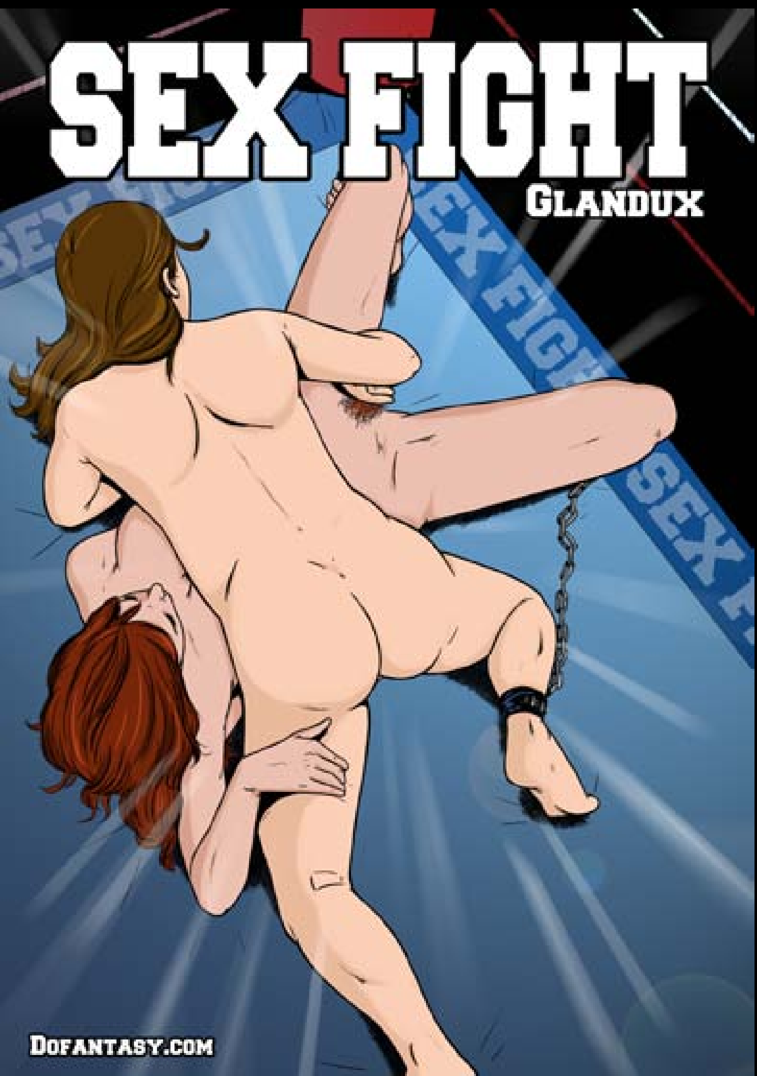
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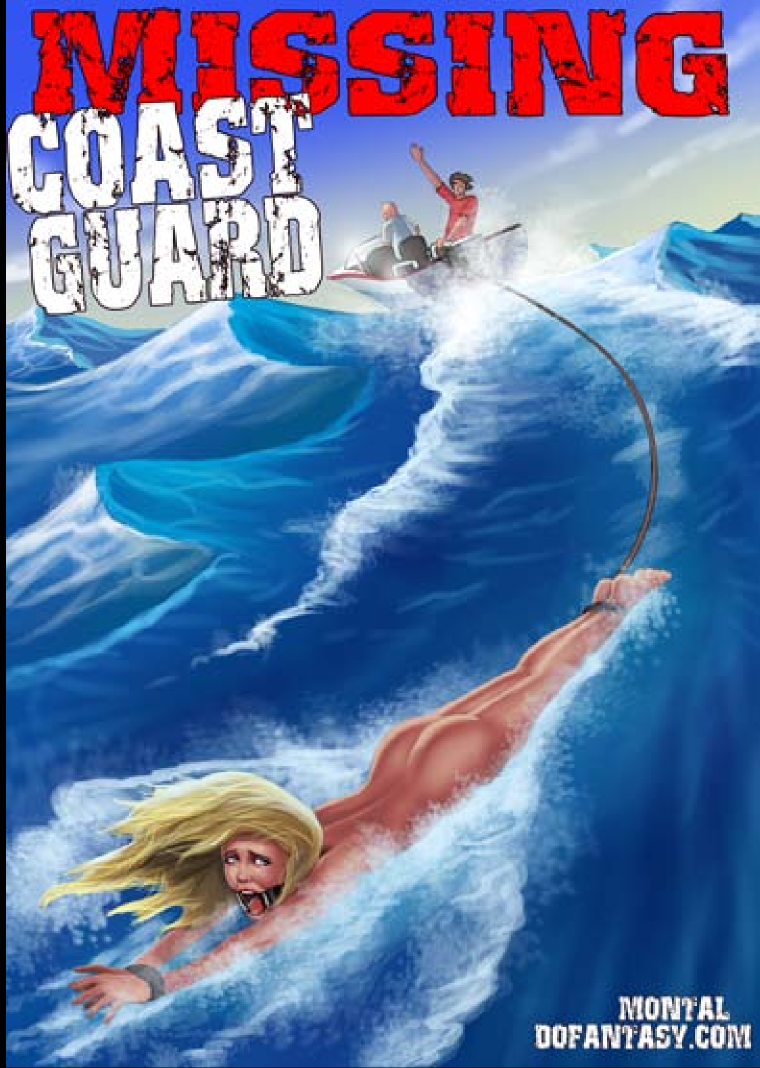


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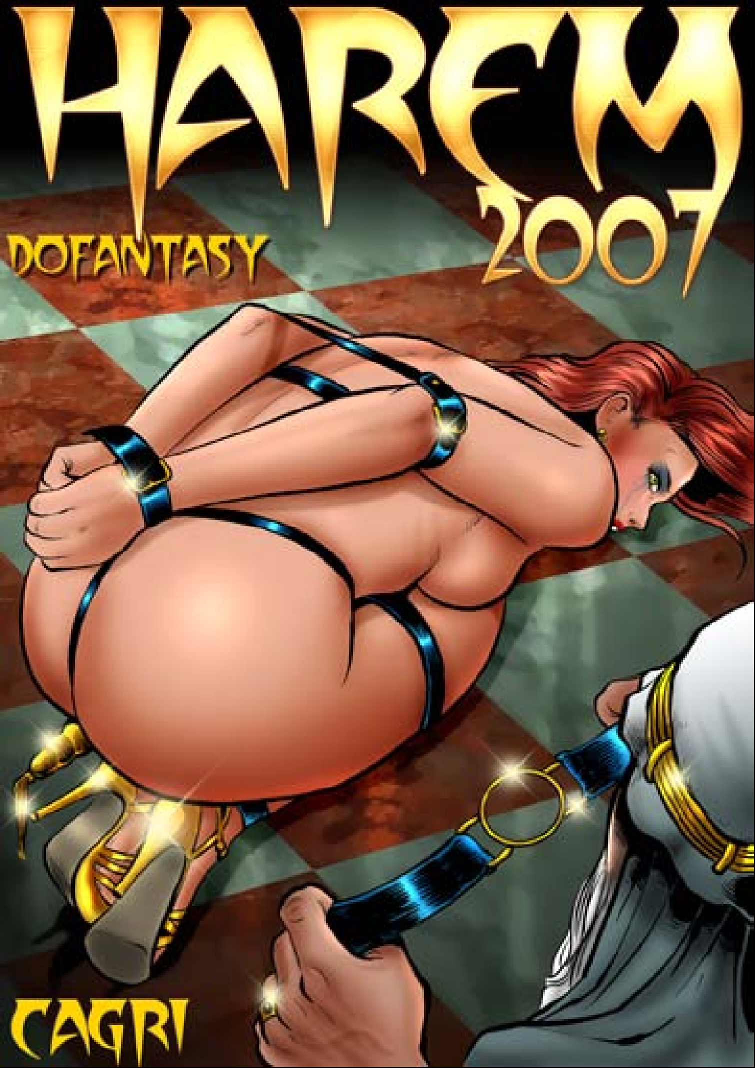



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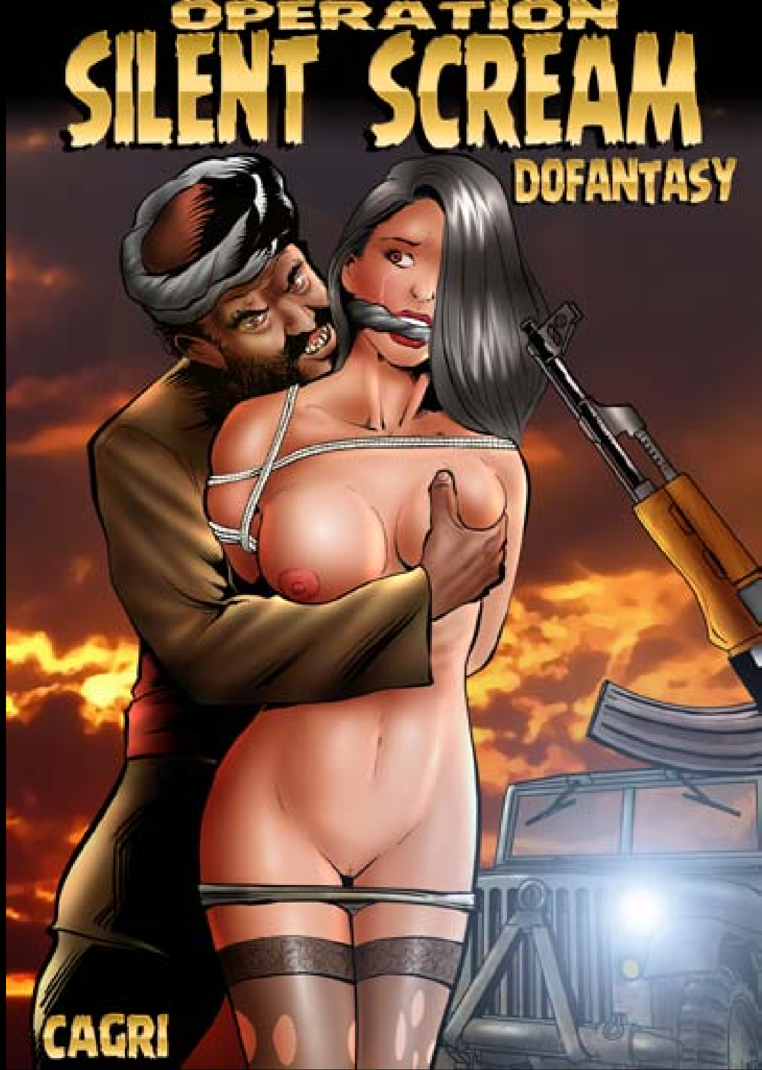

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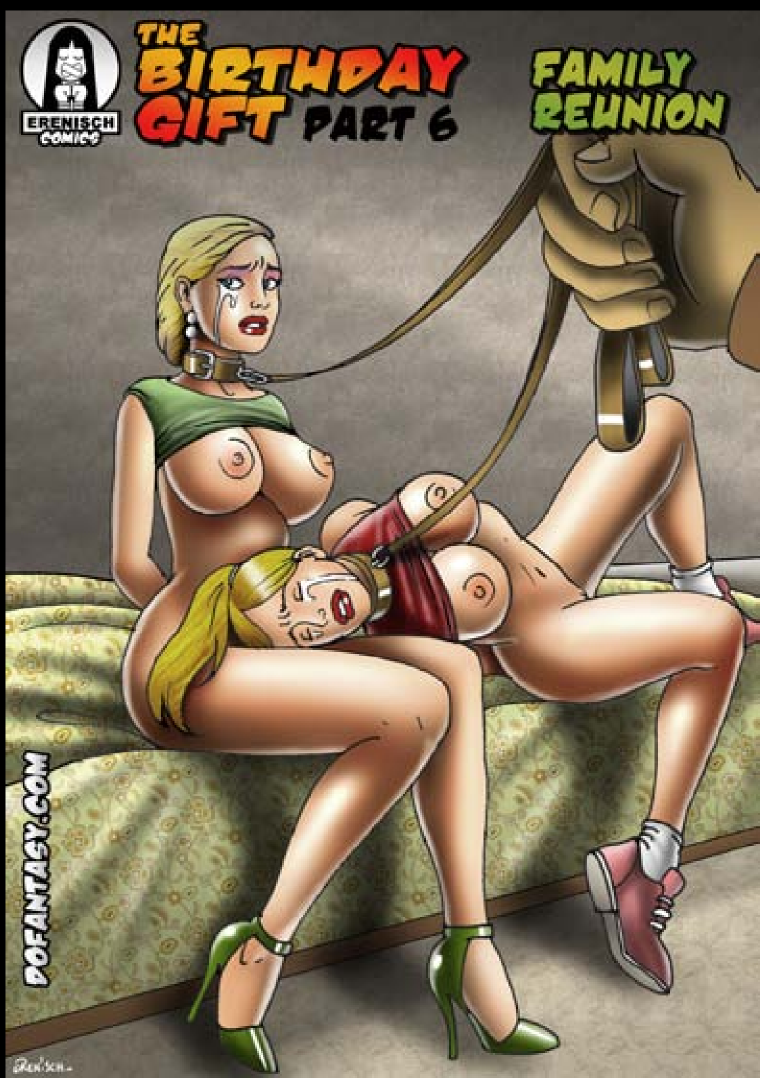

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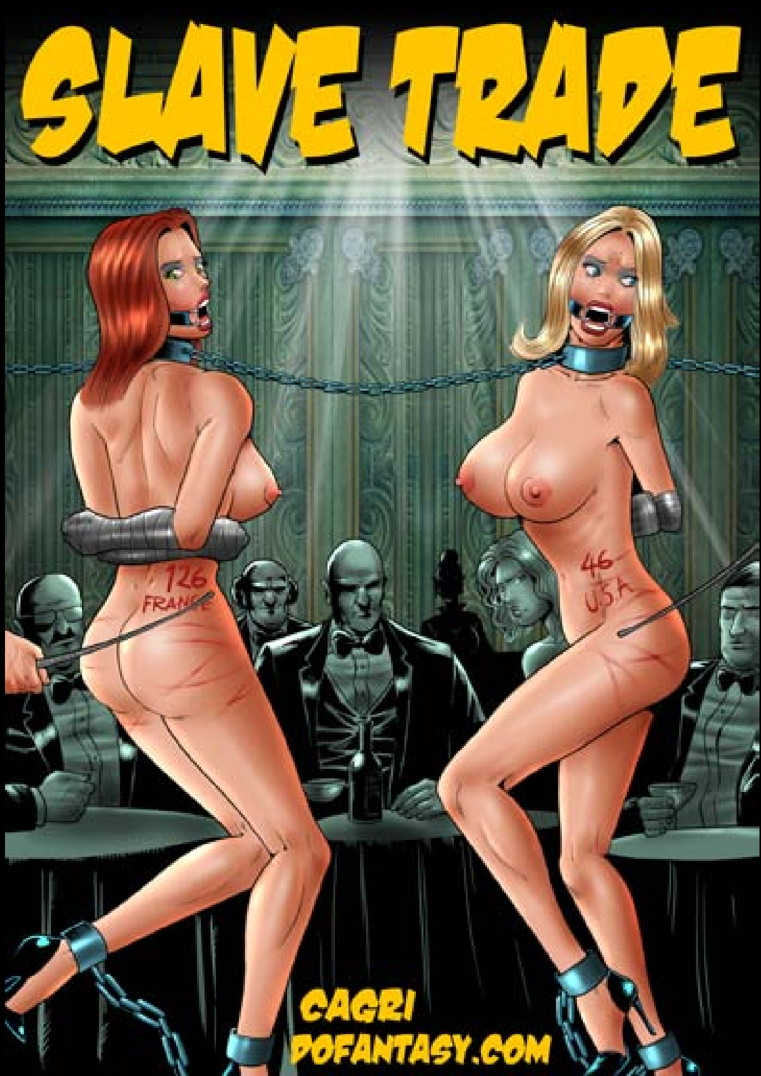

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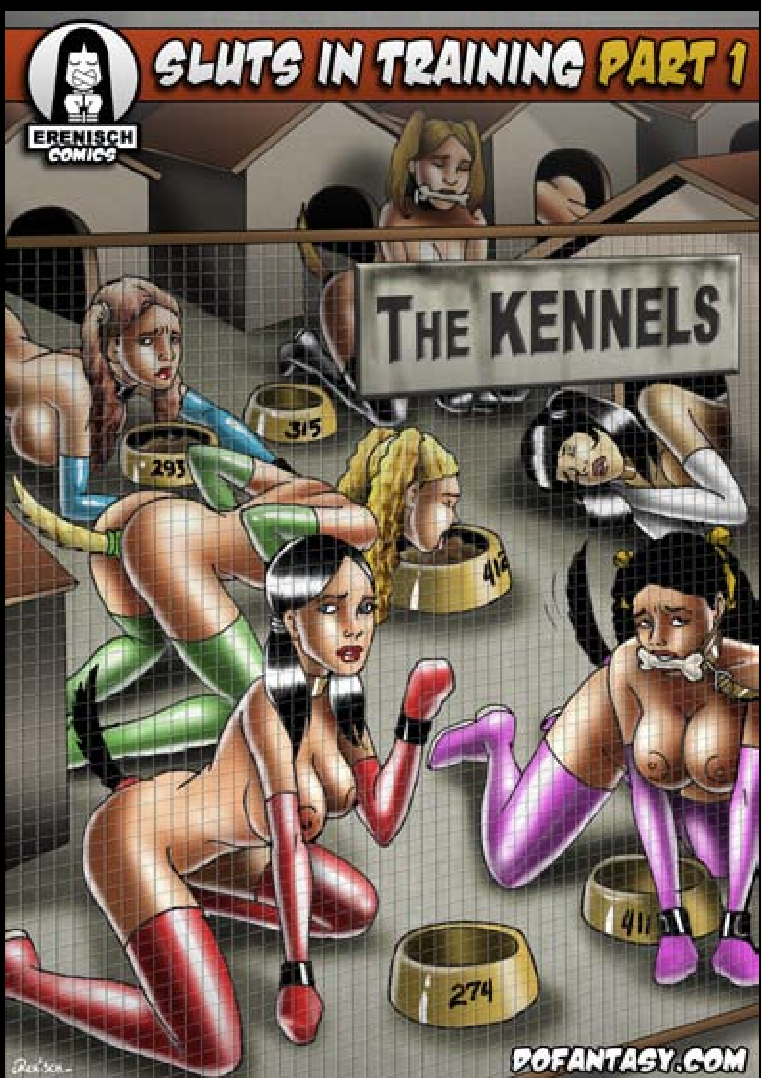

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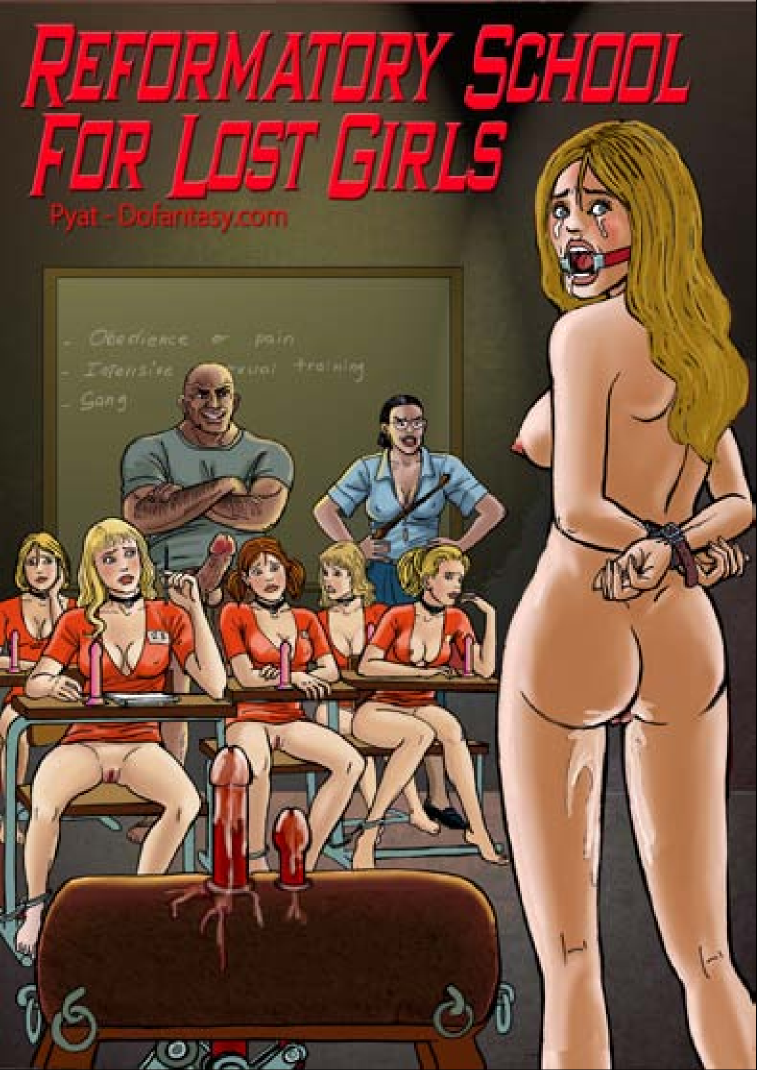

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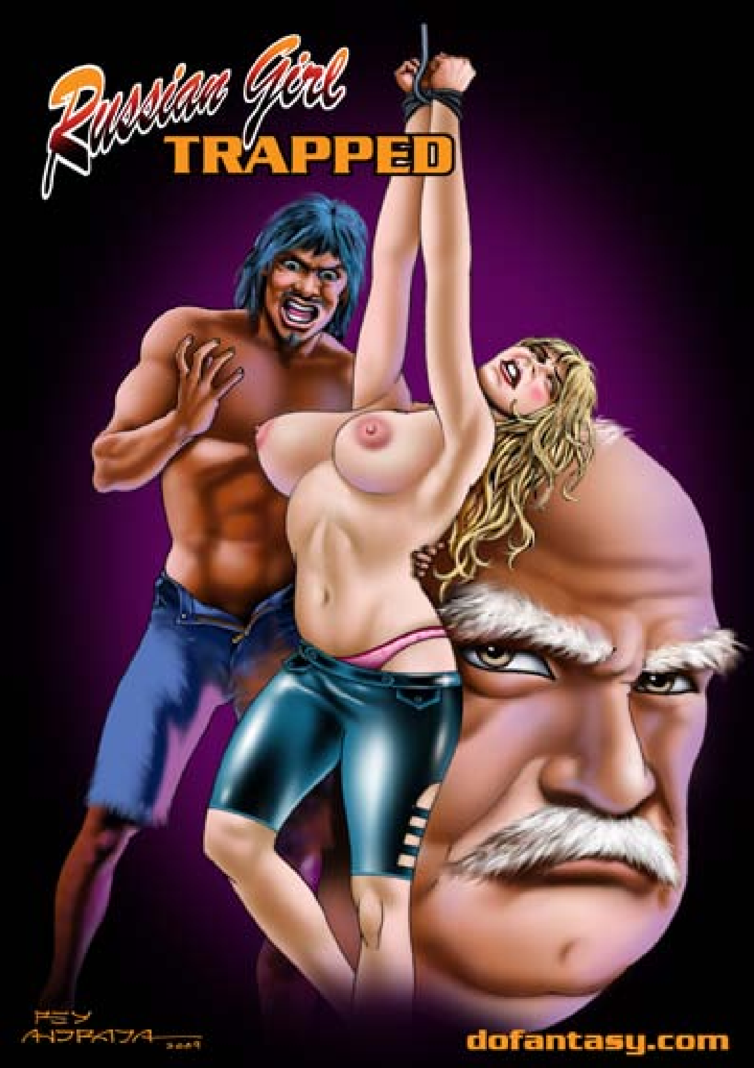

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